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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

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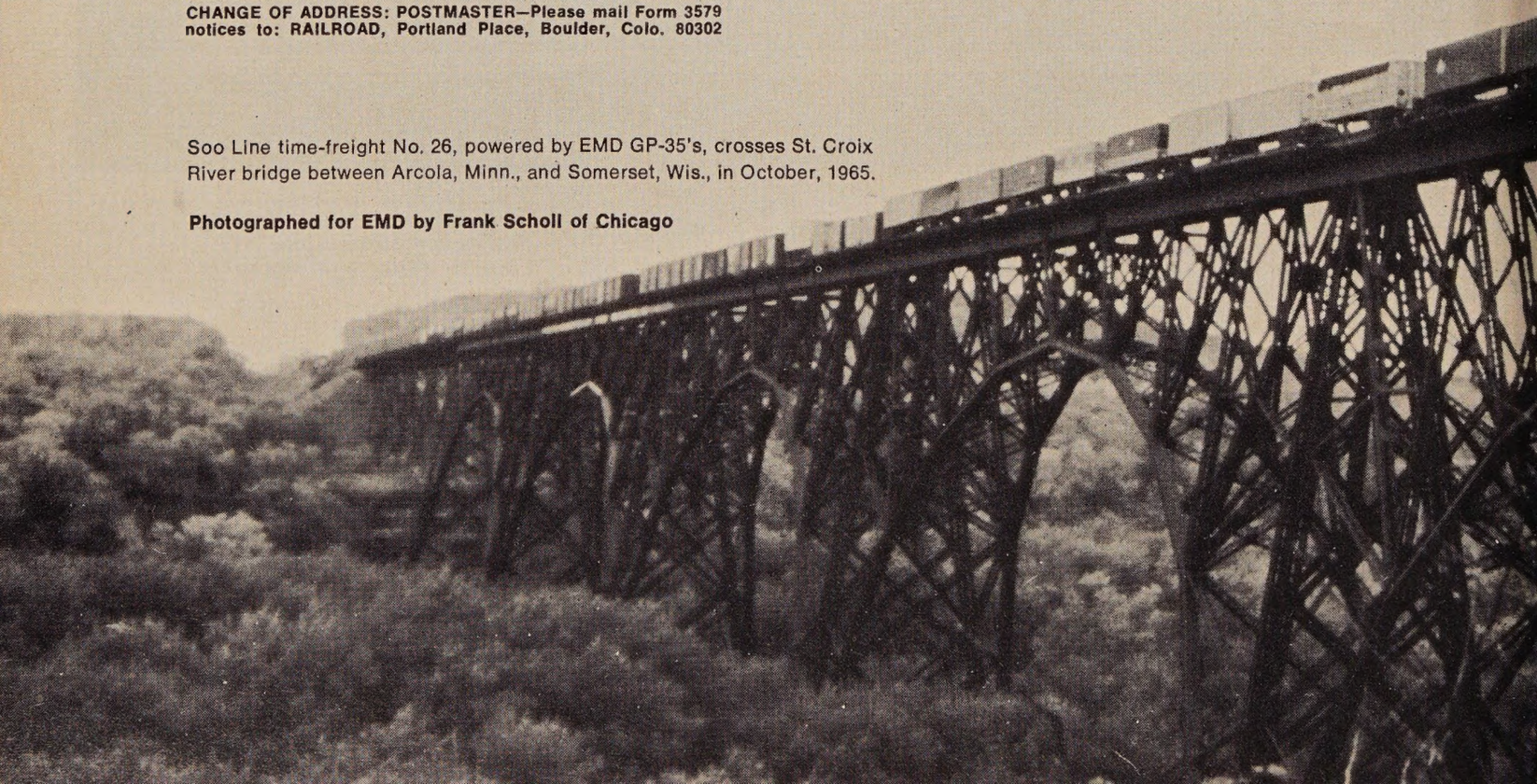


Soo Line time-freight No. 26, powered by EMD GP-35's, crosses St. Croix River bridge between Arcola, Minn., and Somerset, Wis., in October, 1965.

Photographed for EMD by Frank Scholl of Chicago

SOO
SOO

THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

OUR COVER shows *Auto-Train* No. 1 (with 14 automobile carriers, 14 passenger cars, and two steam generators, powered by two U36B diesels) rolling southward through Green Cove Springs, Florida, a few miles south of Jacksonville, on April 3, 1972. Watching it are Joan Hatch (left) and Cheryl Weaver, both of Jacksonville. Photo was made with a Yashika TL Super 35mm camera with exposure of f5.6 at 1/500 second on Agfachrome film. The photographer, who recently went to work as a U.S. Navy meteorologist in Iceland, is William T. Morgan, AN, Box 26, Fleet Weather Facility, FPO New York 09571. ●

PERSONALITIES. When Lyndon B. Johnson was elected Vice President, after a whistle-stop train tour in the Presidential car with John F. Kennedy, he wanted to get a photograph of that car right away. He got in touch with Freeman Hubbard, editor of *Railroad,* who sent him one. LBJ then had a drawing made from it, showing the famous observation platform on which he had made many campaign speeches, and this picture was privately engraved on gleaming silver cuff links which he gave to certain key people who had helped to elect him. He also presented a set to Hubbard, who still has it.

Apropos of whistle-stopping, Senator Baker of Tennessee (see article in March *Railroad*) was not the only candidate who used that technique last fall. Democratic standard-bearer McGovern rode trains at least twice on his campaign trail. His one-way trip from Omaha to North Platte on the Union Pacific was certainly a whistle-stop.—Jim Seacrest, 2101 Birchwood Rd., North Platte, Neb. 69101.

As the conductor on an M-K-T train wrecked on July 20, 1958, I was injured so badly that I haven't worked since. Of course, I took my pension and "enjoy" listening to diesels squawking through the cold winter nights while someone else is flipping the flimsies. It is rather nice to sit in a warm comfortable home and not hear the air go to emergency and then have to walk a mile in a blizzard to chain up a jerked-out drawbar or put in an emergency knuckle. After that, you shake a frozen train loose before going back to the crummy to find the stove fire dead and in need of being rebuilt. Railroading over the Missouri and Arkansas hills is a lot more fun than skiing —if nothing goes wrong, which it generally does.—Cliff Funkhouser, veteran *Railroad Magazine* author, 4501 Tracy Ave., Kansas City, Mo. 64110.

Our March cover artist, Archy F. McDonnell, Box 384, Concord, N.H. 03301, has sold to Chapman S. Root one of his paintings which shows the Concord depot in a snowstorm and a diesel unit on the head end of a train, and one of the Meredith, N.H., depot. Both will go to a museum for old railroad items, etc., in Daytona Beach, Florida.

When we put our January issue to bed, the credit line of David Cash, 430 N. McGregor St., Carthage, Mo. 64836, was under his photo of Frisco caboose 1776; but when the magazine came off the press the credit had vanished. Sorry!

The recent death of Elmer LeRoy Flom, 69, recalled a probable national record set by a single family in rail employment. At one time, Elmer, seven of his brothers, and their father, Eric Gustave Flom, all were employed on the Milwaukee Road at Athelstone, Wis., mostly on track jobs. Elmer was the last of the brothers to work on the Milwaukee and retired in 1968 after many years as a section foreman.

I am working on a TV program for which I need photos of oldtime rural railroad stations on the Southern Pacific, Texas & New Orleans line, also T&NO Mogul, class M-4, 400 series.—Ing. Zbynek Macha, Mosnova 2, 15 00 Praha 5, Smichov, Czechoslovakia.

Gary G. Allen, who has contributed many covers and b&w photos to our magazine, had a color-shot showing the McCloud River Railroad on the cover of *Railway Clerk* for January, 1973.

On June 11, 1923, your editor witnessed a fire that destroyed the great trainshed, 288 feet high and 590 feet long, of old Broad Street Station in Philadelphia, where his father worked as a statistician. Not until later did he learn that a Pennsy yard conductor, Ernest Gilroy, had saved 200 lives that night. The 200 were aboard Pullman sleepers on track 13 in the trainshed. Gilroy suddenly thought of them. Leaping onto his switch engine, he asked the engineer to back up to those cars. The hogger did so. Then Gilroy jumped off and, despite the heat and dense smoke, coupled the Pullmans into the switcher, which pulled them away to safety. Charlie Kolbe of Cherry Hill, N.J., brought up this subject by reporting that Gilroy died the other day at age 78.

If, as Bob Pavel says in your February issue, he dislikes errors or thinks they are easily spotted, I as a printer challenge him to proofread 64 large pages of text, captions, and ads and pick out every mistake.—Gary I. Jacobs, 6404 Ward Rd., Sanborn, N.Y. 14133. ●

WANT to buy a standard-gage railroad for one dollar? No kidding. That's the price tag put on the Belt Line which shuttles boxcars along the Cleveland waterfront between major carriers Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, and Western Pacific. There is one little hitch, however. If you buy the line for one buck you will have to assume its deficit of $11,000 a month. Oh, yes, and you will have to operate the railroad.

"Nobody wants this road," says Joseph Silva, the Belt's $17,000-a-year superintendent. "The trunk lines wouldn't have it as a gift. The boxcar business is getting to be a thing of the past. Most of the freight today moves in containers or on piggy-back trailers."

The Belt, which includes 60 miles of track, three diesel switch engines, and a complete train crew, is only a pale reflection of its former busy self. During the bustling days of World War II, six diesel engines were added to the line, which supported 30 train crews and a staff of about 200. ☾

MANY upstate towns in Pennsylvania, backed by Governor Shapp, are contesting bitterly the Penn Central's plans to abandon roughly 500 miles of freight lines in the state. Statewide, Penn Central wants to drop 167 branch and spur lines that it claims are incurable money losers. Most of these segments are less than 10 miles long; many are less than a mile. Others, however, connect with various railroads and points outside Pennsylvania.

The Shapp Administration is not fighting the Penn Central's bankruptcy trustees at every switch. It agrees that trackage to abandoned coal mines or other short stretches on which industries have closed down or moved away should be dropped. But it insists that, in many cases, tracks the railroad wants to tear up are vital economic lifelines to the communities they serve.—Douglas Bedell. ●

NEWSCAST. Crime keeps increasing. Just recently, a Southern Pacific mail train in the Central Coast area of California was broken into and some mail was stolen. The train was running from San Francisco to Los Angeles carrying truck and trailer outfits filled with mail for Atlanta, Ga. Much of the mail and parcels were found later on the right-of-way.

Boston & Maine is not permitted to tear up any tracks in New Hampshire. So says the Public Utilities Commission. The

action came at the request of Alexander Taft, New Hampshire's director of comprehensive planning, who is negotiating with the railroad for purchase of the track.

If Massachusetts buys 603 miles of the Boston & Maine, three states will be in the railroad business, the other two being New York (Long Island R.R.) and Vermont (Vermont Ry.).—Charles Hall, Smith Rd., Antrim, N.H. 03440.

For $15 you can get a full-size replica of the builder's plate and trust equipment plate of Pere Marquette 2-8-4 No. 1225 trom Michigan State University Railroad Club, MSU Museum, East Lansing, Mich. 48823. Income from sales is being used by the club in restoring this handsome Berkshire for possible fantrips.

Recently in Michigan City, Ind., I saw three engines in Chesapeake & Ohio colors (blue, yellow-striped) but bearing South Shore emblems. They were either GP-7, 9, or 18.—Brian Buchanan, 2032 Buckingham St., Birmingham, Mich. 48008.

A tighter inspection of Penn Central freight cars hauling mail trailers is ordered by the Public Utility Commission of Pennsylvania, which says railroad employes do not always lock the trailers in place on the cars and when they come loose they cause accidents. Elsewhere on the PC front, the bankrupt road's trustees announce that "without Government financial assistance for improvement of the railroad, a reorganization of Penn Central cannot be achieved in 1976, as they had considered possible." Effective January 12th, the trustees have acted on the reorganization court's permission to cut the size of its train crews, eliminating one brakeman by attrition on each train over an extended period of time. This action precipitated a costly strike.

The grain industry experienced a unique wintertime boxcar shortage. Bill Allen, director of transportation for Union Equity in Enid, Okla., estimates that the railroads filled only 40 percent of their requests for cars and he says the entire Midwest had the same problem.

Fish were said to have been in high spirits after a trailer loaded with beer was struck by a Reading freight train at Plymouth Meeting, Pa., and beer flowed freely into a nearby creek.

Poland, N.Y., has agreed to pay $93,750 to the Erie Lackawanna for a derailment caused when a town vehicle became stuck on the track some time ago. The LV originally sued for $650,000.

Railroads continue to diversify. Anything to make an honest buck. One of the Santa Fe's companies estimates that 470 million tons of strippable, low-sulfur coal are located on its land in the San Juan Basin of New Mexico.

Union Pacific plans to build new one-spot freight car repair facilities in North Platte, Neb., Kansas City, Kan., and Albina, Ore., at an overall cost of more than $2 million.

Standardization of equipment and development of a hi-rail car are two of the most pressing problems facing the railroad industry, according to Robert B. Claytor, executive vice president of Norfolk & Western, addressing an annual meeting of the Railroad Automotive Managers Association.

Burlington Northern has awarded General Railway Signal Co. a contract to furnish the equipment for an ultramodern, 63-track, car-classification facility, Northtown Yard in Minneapolis. The largest terminal control facility ever to be designed by GRS, the Northtown complex will embrace control of 12 areas adjacent to the yard, to expedite terminal operations.

Every day we get photos with nothing written on the back, not even the photographer's name or addresses. Sometimes letters accompany such pictures, sometimes not. Even when letters are enclosed, they may get separated from the pictures. As a result, we have many photos on hand that we can't publish and can't return. One beautiful colored 8x10, showing a steam-powered train approaching, had to be returned because its colors weren't bright enough for a magazine cover. We addressed a large envelope, inserted the photo, and mailed it. A few days later, the post office returned the photo to us with most of the label missing. We have no way of knowing the photographer's name or address, so we are holding it in our "dead" file for an indefinite period. ●

ARTICLE on "Forgotten Locomotives" in January *Railroad* is inaccurate in so far as the Union Pacific Challenger-type steam loco 3977 is concerned and is an injustice to the City of North Platte, in which the 3977 is displayed. This engine is definitely not deserted or slowly dying.

Retired from active service in Nov. '61, she and a baggage car were donated to the city Oct. 19, 1968. Prior to the donation she was cleaned and repainted. In July '70 she was sandblasted, painted again, and her smoke wings were removed, thus restoring her original condition. But due to an improper undercoat, the paint did not adhere properly, so the 4-6-6-4 was again sandblasted and given a proper undercoat. We are now waiting for good spring weather to apply a new double coat of black paint.

The North Platte Rail Buffs, officially known as Volunteers for the Preservation of Railroad Displays in City Parks, of which I am secretary-treasurer, was organized July 19, 1970, backed by City Council action. We acquired the old UP depot from Hershey, Neb., 13 miles west of here, and a 1943-built steel caboose to add to our train display.

We have had the engineer's, fireman's, and jump seats in the engine cab reupholstered. We repaired and repainted the depot, set it on a new foundation, and furnished it with a pot-bellied stove, weighing scales, and an old red fire-hose cart. We have a standing order for operator's and dispatcher's telephones, other telegraphic equipment, UP shields for the gables, a 4-wheel baggage truck, etc. Also, we have been promised a UP semaphore block signal. It is still in use but, when retired, will be placed in front of our Challenger, wired in operating condition. This spring we expect to complete a cobblestone and brick station platform. The whole area has been landscaped and an underground sprinkler system installed. Water, sewer, natural gas, and electricity are connected to the depot.

Your authors pointed out that vandals had destroyed the 3977's headlight, gages, etc., which is true, but we have long since replaced them. The present headlight lens of clear heavy plastic should last much longer. We have converted the 32-volt system to 110 volts with an underground wiring system. To discourage further vandalism, a burglar alarm is installed, and a mercury vapor lighting system illuminates the entire display, which is surrounded by an 8-foot fence. Heightening the realism is a water spout, formerly used to fill steam engine tenders. Railfans donated 824 hours of time to this project from mid-April to Oct. 15, 1972. —John J. Thalken, 911 E. Fifth St., North Platte, Neb. 69101.

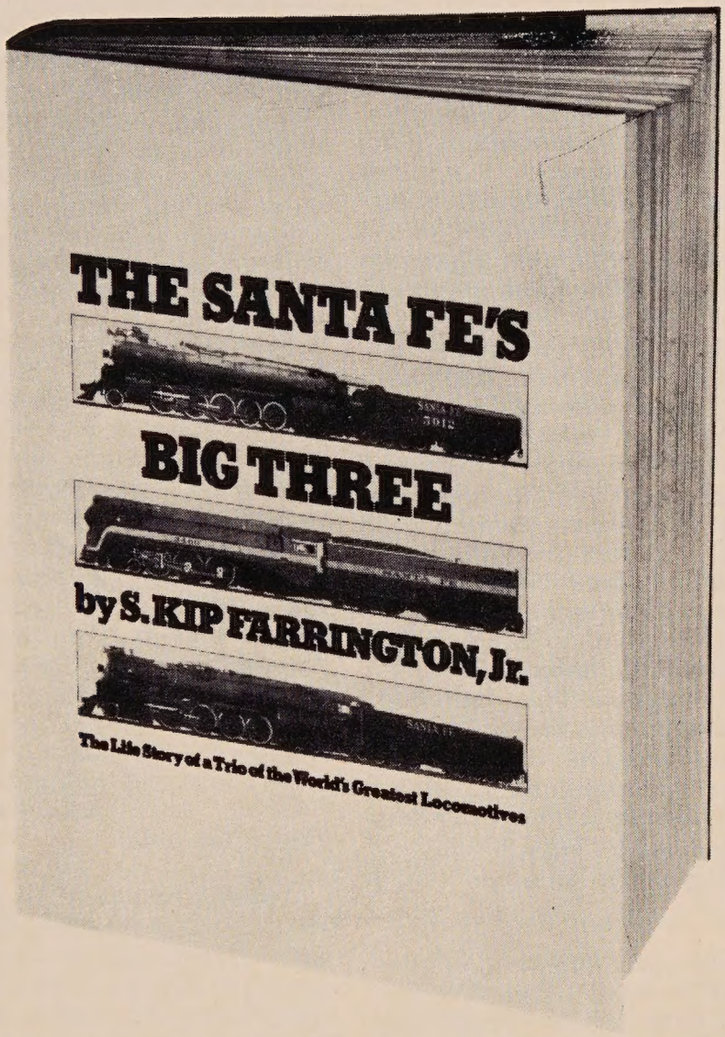
Another reader, who prefers to be anonymous, has this to say about the "Forgotten Locomotives" article: "It reminded me of the summer I spent as curator-by-default of a large urban transportation museum. The article is interesting and basically accurate, but I disagree strongly with some points in the text. For example, the treatment of Santa Fe 2903 and the Nickel Plate Mikado were not restorations. On most modern steam power, concealed piping was a significant aspect of the engine's appearance.

"A railfan group interested in taking care of locomotives is a rare find indeed. All work in restoring railroad displays is hard, dirty, and often dangerous. Railfans are out for a good time and want to play, not work. In instances where a few willing workers can be found, personnel capable of directing the effort (such as railroad shopmen) are still difficult to obtain with available funds." ●

FUEL SHORTAGE is hitting many railroads. Reductions of fuel deliveries of up to 25 percent over 1972 allotments may force the carriers to cut their operations by 25 percent or decrease selected operations enough to use one-quarter less fuel than normally consumed, or move priority shipments but not nonessential goods to the extent necessary. Or the roads could modify their schedules to produce the greatest possible volume of transportation from the available fuel supplies without regard for expedited service, regular connections, and frequency of service.

Also suffering from inadequate fuel delivery this year are the airlines, trucking companies, water carriers, and many bus systems. As we see it, two courses of action are open to meet the nation's critical shortage of fuel for transportation:

(1) Cut down sharply on the fuel allotment for military use, now that American fighting in Vietnam has ended. (2) Ration the fuel for privately-operated, non-emergency automobiles. This would ease traffic jams and air pollution and at the same time lower the highway death rate of more than 50,000 persons a year. ●



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THE DIFFERENCE between a "31" and a "19" order was not made clear enough in your January *Information Booth.* The 31 is used to restrict the superiority of a train and must be made effective (train-order board in stop position and order repeated by the operator) before a copy of this same order on a 19 form is issued and completed to a train that is going to be helped or advanced by the order.

As an example: Suppose a passenger train No. 25 was running late and the dispatcher wanted to give inferior trains the benefit of additional time to clear it, he could issue a 31 order to No. 25 instructing it to run thirty minutes late from A to G. No. 25 could not pass any station earlier than thirty minutes late. Inferior trains would clear 25's time by using that much more time.

This is only one of many examples. The principle is that a 31 order restricts the superiority of a train, and the conductor or engineer must stop and sign for it before proceeding, while the helping or 19 order is passed up on a hoop. This system started to become obsolete about 60 years ago. Now trains have been restricted by 19 orders for many years. In fact most roads just have train orders without the designation 31 or 19. Incidentally, I began working as a train dispatcher on the D&RGW at Helper, Utah, in 1919. Much later I became superintendent of transportation on the Western Pacific and am now retired.—Grant S. Allen, 711 Spring St., Sausalito, Calif. 94965. ●

CANADIAN NEWS. Sixteen 150-ton diesel locomotives were being shipped from Toronto to Yugoslavia aboard the 2,960-ton ship *Rumba,* eight on the top deck and the others stowed below. About 250 miles southeast of St. John's, Newfoundland, the *Rumba* ran into heavy weather and listed badly. Several locos broke loose and threatened to smash through the ship's side, sinking her quickly. The terrified crew abandoned the *Rumba.* Later another vessel, *the Smit-Lloyd 103,* towed the deserted craft into port. But before they arrived, three locos rolled off the top deck into the ocean with a loud splash. All crew members were picked up from life rafts, five by the *Smit-Lloyd 103* and the rest by a Canadian Force helicopter.

Canadian National will build the first Canadian-designed simulator for training railway locomotive engineers. This device, to be completed by 1975, will be used for teaching new engineers and retraining existing engineers and supervisors. It will consist of a mock-up diesel cab, a semi-circle movie screen in front of the cab, and computers, and will be capable of duplicating real-lite train handling.

The apparatus also will be used to train railway employes in the proper obser-

vance of and response to operating rules, regulations and signals. It will eventually be installed at CN's engineer training center at Gimli, Man., 60 miles north of Winnipeg. Two U.S. railways already use similar devices.

While being escorted through the Algoma Central's business car *Agawa,* I was astonished by the fine craftsmanship lavished on it: inlaid hardwood, deep-pile carpet, two bedrooms, a kitchen, and dining facilities. Where can I find a detailed write-up of this car?—Pete Wright, 33 Robert St. W., Penetang, Ont., Canada.

The last use of the Morse code in Canadian railroading, we are told, was a Canadian National message sent at 12:38 p.m. on May 31, 1972. Just 25½ hours before, the Canadian Pacific tapped out its last telegram. Maybe some reader will tell us the wording of both messages and the localities.

A CP coal train recently helped a ship in distress off Canada's west coast. The 105-car consist was running along the three-mile causeway leading to the Roberts Bank superport near Vancouver, B.C., when a frantic call crackled from the train radio. A woman's voice uttered a note of panic; a garbled message about a fishboat sinking, and an indistinct location somewhere among the scenic islands of the Pacific. As the train rolled into the giant bulk-loading terminal, head-end engineer Bob Scurrah relayed the message to train co-ordinator Glen Charleton at CP Rail's nearby marshaling yard.

Within seconds it was flashed to an air-sea rescue unit in Victoria, the provincial capital 40 miles away, and the coastguard cutter *Racer* headed for the scene. Meanwhile, a passing aircraft reported sighting a burning boat about 30 miles from Roberts Bank. Later, a message of thanks credited the prompt action of the CP Rail personnel involved with helping to save the vessel's crew.

Engineer Scurrah is surprised that his train radio picked up the SOS. "Ours was an unusual frequency to use," he says, "and at first I thought it was a children's prank." But when he caught the frightened "I'm in trouble," he knew it was a real emergency.

Recently you had an item about small TV sets installed on some seats in the waiting room of a British Rail depot in London. I found similar installations in the railroad station in Toronto, Canada. —Elizabeth C. Morgan, 43 Truman Ave., Yonkers, N.Y. 10703. ●

COOKIE LADY. About a year and a half ago Mrs. Barbara Clark, age 25, and her family moved into a home at 9721 Salt Lake Ave., South Gate, Calif., hard by the Union Pacific tracks.

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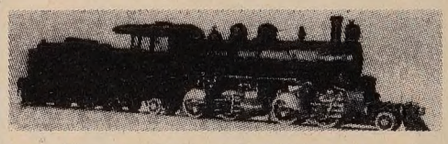

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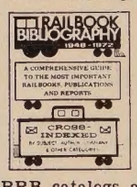

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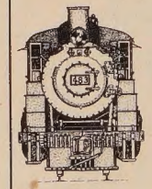

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She and her husband and small son wave at passing freight trains. Sometimes they displayed on their fence home-made signs such as "We Love You." Now and then, after baking a batch of cookies for her husband and son, Barbara would carry the leftovers up the tracks. Train crews soon got into the habit of passing her home very slowly.

Last December 15th she waited until a train stopped for switching and then ran across the street to the abandoned caboose and decorated it with red paper bells and tinsel. When the trainmen came back to get the caboose, she handed them a bag filled with fruitcakes and other goodies.

From then on, every time the train stopped there, Barbara offered them cookies, cakes, or sandwiches she had made. Three different times, she has spent the whole day cooking full meals for the train crews and talked her husband into taking her to the station in Paramount to deliver it to the hungry crew.

Her major project was baking 4,000 cookies so that each of the crew men on passing freights would have a Yuletide gift. A train which regularly hauls canned tuna fish from the harbor slowed up as it neared the Clark home. Barbara stood beside the track, beaming over three cartons filled with gaily-wrapped paper plates of cookies. But the crew had gotten word of her surprise and had one of their own. The brakeman got off and hugged her. Then the conductor gave Barbara a miniature boxcar while another crewman pinned on her blouse a big blue badge designating her "Offical U.P. Cookie Maker." The young lady's eyes misted with joy as she reached into the cartons to hand out the cookies.

Barbara, one of whose grandfathers was a Santa Fe conductor, is concerned because "many brats think only of trains as something to throw rocks at." ●

STEAM POWER. I have a photo of Rock Island 4-6-0 No. 1478, class T-28, taken about 50 years ago near Lawton, Okla. Who can tell me anything about her? The hogger was my wife's grandfather, Wellington Bishop.—Henry Fleming, 918 S. Louisville St., Tulsa, Okla. 74112.

"It was good to sit on a seatbox again, notch out a throttle, and feel the surge of steam through the cylinders," says J.S. McBride of Denver, a retired engineer who spent last summer running engine No. 44, a three-foot-gage steamer (Baldwin built her in 1921 for the Colorado & Southern) on the Central City Narrow Gauge Railroad at Central City, Colo. He ran 49 years on the Burlington, pulling the *California Zephyr* and the *Denver Zephyr* before retiring.

Elliott Kahn's feature, "Trackside in the Diesel Age," (Feb. '73), drew favorable comments from several readers, but not from John Henderson (address unknown), who writes: "He obviously took certain steam loco classes and cited those vintages as criteria. Why not use the Reading's class C, built in 1946, out by 1950, as a classic example? Or the N&W class C switchers, built in 1953 and gone by 1960? Kahn should check his facts more closely. Southern Pacific's original class GS locos (GS-1) were built by Baldwin in 1930; so were subsequent classes through the early 1940's. The age of particular locomotives, or for that matter, their relative performance, had little or nothing to do with the demise of steam. If Kahn would study the actual life span of steamers such as New York Central's class H he would know more about their longevity under heavy usage. This is only one example of hundreds of classes that turned in decades of monumental performance."

I really enjoyed that painting of the *400* on your February cover. I remember the 2900 series class E-2-a Pacifics this train used. On my very first rail trip (C&NW, Madison-Milwaukee) I passed one of those 4-6-2's in the late summer sun being readied to hasten train *400* to Chicago. And I regard the *California Zephyr* scene on page 1 of the same issue as one of the best rail photos I've seen in years.—Jim Scribbins, 10534 W. Michigan St., Wauwatosa, Wis. 53226.

Who knows to what extent vintage U.S. steam and motor rail vehicles are now running on the railroads of Mexico and Central and South America? I ask because I saw Gary Allen's photo of a Shay at La Paz, Bolivia, in your January issue.—Christopher Marsh, 4130 Lark St., San Diego, Calif. 92103.

Although R.W. Emmott's piece on "Steam's Finest Hour" (Feb. issue) was enjoyed by many readers, including David Read, 114 Wickens Ave., Yonkers, N.Y. 10701, Dave says it has several errors: (1) The last 2-6-6-2 built by Baldwin in 1949 for C&O was 1309, not 1304. (2) C&O's 2-8-8-2's were numbered in the 1500's; the 1100's were Mikados. (3) None of the 2-8-8-2's were compounds; all were 4-cylinder simple articulateds. (4) In 1930 the 2-8-8-2's were replaced by 3000 series 2-10-4's, which 2-6-6-6's displaced later, beginning in 1941. Allegheny types were built in 1941-'44 and again in '48, none in 1947. (5) Allegheny firebox measured 108x180 feet, not 180x180. ●

AN EMBARRASSING situation faced President Harry S. Truman in the 1948 campaign when he was running for a full term in the White House. It was night in a small Nebraska town. People thronged around his private railroad car. A man handed up a baby and Truman gingerly held the infant long enough for

the father—and news photographers—to snap a picture. At that moment, the train began to pull slowly out of town with Truman still holding the kid.

"Stop this damned train!" Truman said in a sudden panic. "I've got somebody's baby."

The mother's wail cut the darkness like a knife. Some people roared with laughter. The father was running beside the train. Then the train eased to a stop and a Secret Service agent quickly relieved Truman of his burden, returning the child to a now-smiling father.

Truman told reporters next morning, "You smart alecs think you know everything—well, did you know that baby was named after me—even before we got to town?"

MY PARENTS were raised on Alabama farms and worked for the Southern Railway, Mobile Division. Mom was a telegrapher-agent and Dad was a conductor who died in 1921 while trying to save his train and its passengers. It was the evening train from Selma to Akron, wrecked near Greensborough, Ala. I also had four uncles and two cousins who were railroaders. In my home I have built a shrine to my railroading kinfolk, especially my parents. For this purpose I assembled memorabilia that, when completed, will be exhibited and later, I hope, given to a museum.

My showcase, made of carved, finished pine, stands on legs. It displays portraits of Mom and Dad as they looked when they were courting, around 1906; other family and railroad pictures, oil lanterns, memorial plaques, switch lamps, and switch locks. Also a replica of an oldstyle telegraph switchboard, a depot wall lamp (kerosene), Mom's first railroad watch, still in good running order, and her ballpoint, train-order stylus, engraved with her name, and a brass padlock from the freight house at Brierfield, Ala., the first station where she worked.

Her maiden name was Adrian Bell Vardaman. After learning telegraphy at a women's college, she railroaded from 1902 to 1909, got married, and then my father died, and she worked again for the Southern, 1922 to 1934. Finally she ran a boarding house in New Orleans until her death in 1954. We took her body back in a baggage car to a rural spot in Coosa County, Alabama, where she had said she wanted to be buried.

Dad's name was the same as mine. He was secretary-treasurer for his union, the Order of Railway Conductors. The only relic of his on display is his loyalty medal, issued by the Southern Railway in 1920, the year before he was killed, indicating that his railroad service started in 1889. Also in my showcase are annual passes, a ticket punch, a conductor's cap nearly 100 years old, a cap badge, hat checks, etc. (My father's cap was destroyed in the wreck.)

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Outside the showcase a telegraph key is wired to batteries for the benefit of any visitor who knows how to telegraph and wants to do so. I don't know whether or not my railroad shrine is the only one of its kind, but I hope it will stimulate other people to undertake similar projects, collecting scarce relics and honoring bygone railroaders.—James B. Gwin, (age 63 years), 3108 45th Street, Metairie, Louisiana.

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CINCINNATI Union Terminal's fate is still uncertain, but most reports of its pending demolition are premature, at least as concerns the superstructure. When the Terminal and surrounding area were developed in 1929, the land was ceded from the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific RR. (now Southern). In fine print the original contract has this statement: "If at any time the CUT ceases to function as a railroad passenger terminal, said lands are to be returned to the (CNO&TP) Railroad."

Actually, the Southern was allowed to repurchase the land, but wants to put in a monster piggyback and container terminal, with traveling gantry cranes astride the tracks. This would mean the demolition of the concourse area, or that part of the building which extends over the tracks. It would not affect the rotunda or the main building, and from the visitor's point of view, the Terminal would look the same. In the concourse area, however, a group of mosaic murals are in danger. Many efforts are being made to save them. The Greater Cincinnati Airport (a new building going up) wants and may get them.

We of the Cincinnati Railroad Club rent a suite in the Terminal and have been told that our lease is in no danger for at least three years, when a bond renewal is due. Obviously, none of the member railroads will be in a position to renew two or three million dollars worth of bonds for a building they don't use. Meanwhile, various ideas are being thrown about for converting the Terminal. It might even be saved under a Federal "historic building" scheme.

Dec 2, 1958, known as Railroad Day, was set aside by the seven owner railroads (B&O, C&O, SOU, L&N, PRR, N&W, and NYC) as the 25th anniversary of the terminal's dedication. A "time capsule" placed in the cornerstone was to be opened in 1983, or 25 years from the date it was sealed. It holds many items pertaining to railroading in 1958: timetables, freight schedules, punched tickets, both Cincinnati newspapers for Dec. 2nd, office paraphernalia, ads, etc. I doubt if the capsule will be disturbed even if the building should come down. A good place to keep it would be in the new Amtrak station.—Jim Edmonston, 792 Farnham Ct., Cincinnati, Ohio 45240.

AN ENGLISH woman, age 43, who desperately wanted to see her son in Scotland before he emigrated to America, boarded a train at Euston Station, London. But instead of settling down in the driver's seat, she climbed into the cab of the 80-ton, 100-mph diesel locomotive and tried to operate the controls.

"How do you start this thing?" she called down to a policeman who warned her to get out of the cab quickly. The loco had been immobilized, but the power system was still attached. If she had managed to put the controls in the right position, she might have started up. The woman, Mrs. Rose Fontana, who could not even drive a bicycle, let along a diesel unit, admitted in court that she had been drinking, her husband was in jail for drunkenness, and she was subsisting on relief payments.

"I feel terribly lonely," she told the court, "walking along the station platform and looking at all the people happy with their families. A doctor gave me pills for headaches, but they're no good."

The magistrate, a sympathetic soul, discharged her conditionally for six months. Mrs. Fontana said as she left the court: "I have got my headaches again. I must get a drink."

HIGHWAY tragedy strikes again! One of the victims in a head-on crash of speeding automobiles is rail photographer Bud Rothaar of Rahway, N.J., whose dramatic night shots of Pennsy steam we have featured. As we go to press, Bud is critically injured and still in a coma. Friends are praying for him.

His mother, who had been riding in the car with him, was killed instantly. Bud never married and has very few relatives.

Freeman Hubbard comments: "Any machine which kills, as the automobile does, over 50,000 Americans a year and injures at least 300,000 others is an enemy of the human race. If the auto had just been invented and its grim casualty rate were known in advance, the manufacture and sale of such vehicles would be forbidden by law. A study made by the Health Department in my own state, New York, shows that it takes an average of 69 minutes for an injured or ill person in this state to be taken by ambulance to a hospital and be seen by a doctor. The time gap further jeopardizes an accident victim's chance of survival.

"But even aside from its grisly toll of violent death, the auto is a public menace. Its gas exhaust shortens life by poisoning the air we breathe. Its macadamized roads devour millions of acres of wild-flowered meadows and woodland that we need for healthy living. Its 'convenience' makes adults too lazy to walk a couple of blocks to buy a Sunday newspeper and kids too physically weakened to enjoy a half-mile stroll to and from school. Although outdoor exercise is a vital necessity, hiking has become a lost art for too many people, thanks to the motor vehicle.

"Beauty, too, is important. But city streets and curbs cluttered with autos and the highways often jammed by heavy traffic are ugly, noisy, and bad-smelling as well as dangerous. Add to all these things the irritation of bumper-to-bumper driving, difficult parking, and the constant care and expense of keeping your car in good repair and operating it, and you begin to wonder why you ever bought

that car in the first place. Maybe you want it merely as a status symbol.

"My wife and I sold our last car, an Oldsmobile 98, more than ten years ago. Since then we have settled for mass transportation, preferably by rail and air, plus occasional short hikes. You couldn't get us to drive a car again even if you gave us a free Jaguar. The money we have saved as a result permits us to travel through the United States, Canada, Mexico, Central America, and overseas. Since 1962 we have toured all five continents, plus half a dozen tropical islands, and we feel happier and safer without owning an automobile. This nation needs more trains and streetcars but fewer motor vehicles."

OVERSEAS. The speed of Japanese National Railways' bullet trains will not be cut down to reduce noise levels in the populated areas of Nagoya and other cities. Service to the travelling public must come first, say JNR, who have, however, promised to install noise-reducing walls along certain stretches. Also in Japan, well-wishers giving a bridal pair a gay sendoff near railroad tracks got their paper streamers entangled in the catenary wires, delaying four bullet trains.

A diesel-powered train was derailed by running into a herd of cattle which had strayed onto the line between Alton and Itchen Abbas in Hampshire, England. No human casualties. A vet was called to treat the injured livestock.

Europe's highest bridge, 14 miles north of Titograd, Yugoslavia, is now completed, 720 feet above a canyon floor. Built for a railway line under construction, it spans two mountains and is 1,640 feet long.

A tourist returning from Wales reports that whenever the trains stop at Lianfechpwilogogrych, the town with the world's longest name, the conductor yells: "If anybody's getting off here, this is it!"

For the first time in history, the South African Railway is hiring policewomen.

A five-months ban by railway union leaders on the operation of British Rail's prototype advanced passenger train has finally been lifted. The trains, representing BR's main challenge to the airlines in the coming decade, will resume test programs this spring.

On February 5th British Rail closed a 10-mile stretch of railway between Afton and Winchester in Hampshire, England. This line may be taken over by the Mid-Hants Railway Ltd., a railfan group with 1,000 members, and be operated as a steam tourist attraction. As we go to press, the fans have raised about two-thirds of the money needed to buy it.

America isn't the only place afflicted with grafitti. Here in Australia, commuter trains are mostly old, dirty, and often adorned with grafitti. With every second carriage in Sydney and Melbourne electric multiple-unit trains or trailer cars, the strings of cars dawdle along. Sydney has only 21 MU air-conditioned commuter cars. Five of them, including a diner, are diesel-powered. So far as I know, Melbourne has no air-conditioned commuter trains. It remains to be seen what Australia's new Labor Government will do, if anything, about improving urban rapid transit.—J.R. Wilson, 58 Eastern Valley Way, Northbridge, N.S.W. 2063, Australia.

Skip-stop operation being considered by Indian Railways for long-distance services. Two trains would leave within 30 minutes on the same route, the second calling at stations not covered by the first. Such a system was recently put into effect on the Jamaica elevated line in New York City. Are there any other examples of it?

An agreement has been signed between Spanish railways and Fiat (Italy) for the development and construction of a prototype tilting train.

A high-speed electric locomotive of the German federal Railway averaged 1,013 miles a day in traveling 50,521 km in a month. Covering a distance equal to a trip across the world in less than 25 days, the feat is considered to be a record.

ORIENT EXPRESS. The romantic traveler dreams wistfully of the legendary *Orient Express.* Nearly everyone has heard of it—full of trench-coated spies, evil doings in dark tunnels, and mysteriously exotic women with unknown destinations; all of it rolling past the enigmatic Balkans.

But the old *Orient Express,* Dennis Malao writes in the *Christian Science Monitor,* penetrated only into Eastern Europe, an outdated Western idea of the Orient. The adventurous traveler can now go on a real *Orient express,* more commonly called the *Singapore-Bangkok Express.* Actually the train runs to Chiengmai, traversing not only the entire Malay Peninsula but also the length of Thailand.

While slower than their Japanese counterparts, trains in Southeast Asia are very comfortable, with several classes to choose. The trip from Singapore to Bangkok lasts two and a half days over 1,200 miles of jungle, mountain, and seascape, three days if one continues to Chiengmai. But only rushed travelers would do it all in one trip, and if they were in a hurry they would fly.

Even so, passengers will discover pleasures unheard of on Western trains, such as meals served to order at your place, spacious seating even in second class, where everyone has a window seat, and—incredibly enough—showers.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH

Through an arch of the Southern Pacific station at Berkeley, Calif., shortly before the *San Joaquin Daylight* and the depot itself passed into history, you can see Susan Schmidt watching the SDP45 and 3206 on the point of the *Daylight*. She likes trains, but will never ride this one again.

Virgil C. Staff, P.O. Box 268, Berkeley, Calif. 24701

Gary G. Allen, 215½ E. Palmer Ave., Glendale, Calif. 91205

"Don't sit under the old pine tree with anyone else but me," especially when a Santa Maria Valley train is rolling by. Scene is near Betteravia, Calif., home of Union Sugar Co., which supplies cars of sugar beets for the SNV. Caboose came from the Rutland. The date is January 6, 1973.

Shown in the Delaware & Hudson's Colonie Shops at Watervliet, N.Y., on February 14, 1971, are D&H Alco PA-1 No. 16 (ex-Santa Fe No. 59) and Erie Lackawanna EMD E-8 No. 816 (formerly No. 816 of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western), at that time on lease to the Delaware & Hudson.

Howard Pincus, 5 Eldredge Pl., Rye, N.Y. 10580

Reflections in the water. German Federal B-B electric with a passenger train bound for Stuttgart crosses the Neckar River at old Bietigheim, Germany, on October 21, 1967.
Photograph by J.M. McMillan

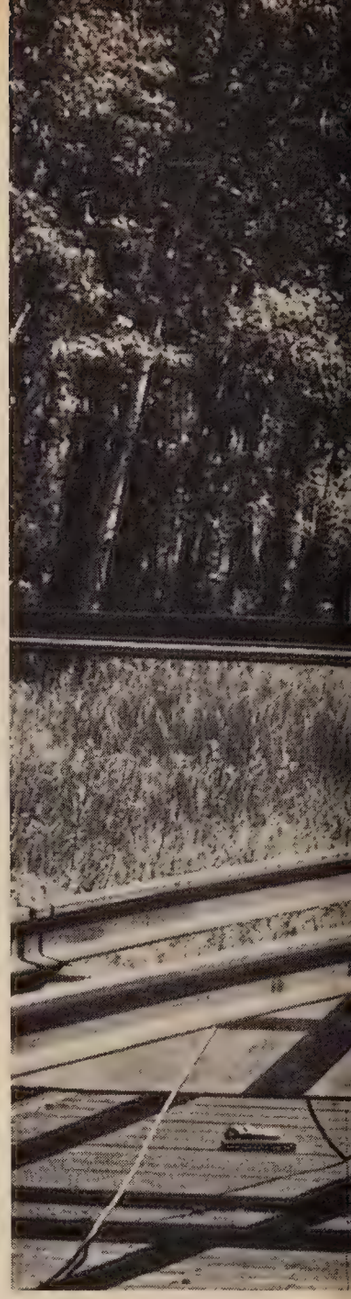
Mala Vaughn, railfanette from Ft. Myers, Fla., snaps Louisville & Nashville E-8 No. 795 hauling Amtrak train 82, northbound *Silver Star* leaving St. Petersburg.

William T. Morgan, AN, Box 26, Fleet Weather Facility, FPO New York 09571

Thomas P. Lyons, P.O. Box 442, Golden, Colo. 80401

A Rocky Mountain night finds Union Pacific No. 8444 at the 23rd Street yards in Denver after returning from a railfan trip held annually for Great Western Stock Show. Event is staged each winter. Photo was taken by 22 flash units and a Mamiya S-23 camera.

Eastbound Canadian National freight on grade alongside Lock 7 in the Welland Canal, Thorold, Ont., on July 24, 1955.
Elmer Treloar, 101 California St., Highland Park, Mich. 4820



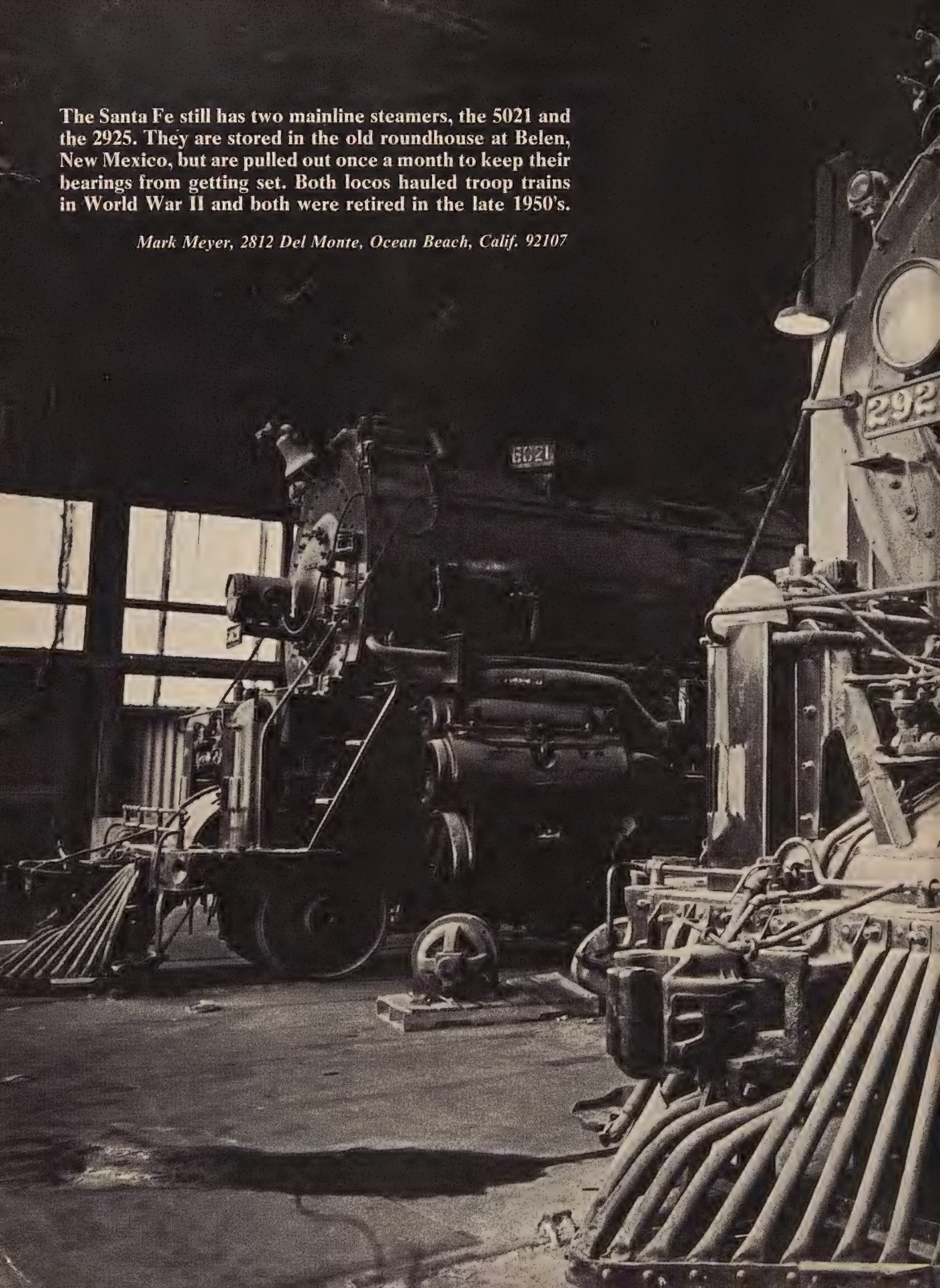
British Columbia steam cameo. Crew shown oiling and greasing Pacific Great Eastern Railway Prairie No. 160 prior to swing through mountains.

Elizabeth Allen of Montreal, Canada, took advantage of the nice weather in July, 1972, to await the arrival of CP commuter train at Dorval station. All-weather pre-fabrication shelter is shown in background.

Photograph by C.M.H. Wilmoth, Wheaton, Illinois

Canadian Pacific gandy dancers busily laying continuous welded rail in Ontario. This type of rail is popular in Canada and U.S.
Nicholas Morant, CP Rail

Photograph by Richard H. Ganger
Down the trail of yesterday when the Ontario Northland had steam Pacific No. 601. Photographer did not mention location nor year.



The Santa Fe still has two mainline steamers, the 5021 and the 2925. They are stored in the old roundhouse at Belen, New Mexico, but are pulled out once a month to keep their bearings from getting set. Both locos hauled troop trains in World War II and both were retired in the late 1950's.

Mark Meyer, 2812 Del Monte, Ocean Beach, Calif. 92107

2925

One summer day in 1971, ten minutes before the Montargis local pulled out of Moret-sur-Loing, 40 miles south of Paris, engineer Serge Vitry had to clear a plugged cylinder cock on his American-built Mikado, class 141R, but he departed on time. He lives at 814 rue de la Vallee, 45, Amilly (Montargis), France. Both photographs by Madeleine de Sinèty, 5 Boulevard Edgar Quinet, Paris, 14c, France

FIRING WITH BRIQUETTES

by Serge Vitry

SOME engineers like to talk, here in France as everywhere else. I had one who didn't. He rarely said a word to his fireman, even when things were going wrong. He must have been thinking, remembering . . . you could see the haunted look in his eyes. That man had been deported and tortured by the Germans in World War II and I am sure he suffered horribly, but he would not speak about it. Uniforms really turned his stomach. All kinds of uniforms. Even the sight of a conductor coming up to his engine to discuss yard switching was enough to shake him. Obviously in his mind he kept seeing those hated German uniforms.

One day, while waiting for a run out of Villeneuve-Saint-Georges with a coal-burning 141R, we were given a train and coupled up to it. My engineer had a traumatic surprise: a whole trainload of CRS, black-uniformed Compagnies Republicaines de Securite, the state troopers who are used to control riots in France. They were being moved with all their gear, their trucks, and their jeeps.

When he saw his passengers, he turned white for a moment. The first thing he did was to try the water hose in the cab. On the road, it was supposed to run at a trickle to keep the coal wetted down. But the engineer tested it at full pressure.

Our orders said we'd go out through Corbeil. Before we started, he told me briefly that he wanted a light thin fire. He said he would take over the firing before we got to the Corbeil tunnel. And it was there I saw the whole operation. He closed the throttle down to only 60 pounds of pressure in the cylinders. The blower was hardly open; we had no draft at all. Instead of using the mechanical stoker, he loaded the firebox with a shovel. Then he shut everything down. As soon as we got inside the dark tunnel he aimed the water hose at the tunnel roof.

We didn't even have to see the result; we knew what must have happened with the water and that voluminous cloud of black smoke. We did not stop at Corbeil, but kept going until we reached the short tunnel at Melun. Again, a perfect job with the hose.

When we reached the end of our run, we saw our relief crew waiting for us at the water tower. And, back at the end of the train, my engineer could see the commandant of that convoy of riot troops coming up to have a word with us. I suppose he wanted to talk about the condition of the tarpaulins and the windows on his trucks. We got a good look at them.

Then the engineer who almost never talked spoke up. "Come on," he said to me. "We'll get out on the other side."

We did, and our relief crew caught the hell. Luckily, their engineer was a big fat fellow who could give back all he took. We heard about it later.

That was a special case. Every so often, while doubleheading a train, we'd go through the same routine. Then the crew on the second engine bore the brunt of criticism, but they could retaliate. They would close their windows and shut down their fire. Instead of both engines pulling, only one had to drag not only the train but also the engine behind it. Naturally, you would make sure you had the right crew in the second engine. But it was always good for a laugh.

On the schedule, every run is pretty much alike, yet you always remember some. I had been firing No. 231 D12 for a month. She burned an awful lot of coal, but didn't do enough steaming. Two weeks before, we had lost the damper on the exhaust stack and things had been getting worse ever since. Coming back from Nevers with a fast freight, we barely made it into Montargis, the fire almost gone. To make matters worse, the weather was hotter than usual for midsummer. During the run I got into a nasty argument with our regular engineer. As we pulled into Cosne, I said she wasn't steaming. He told me there were no bad engines, just bad firemen. I took that rather hard.

When we stopped at Cosne he missed the water tower. He worked her in reverse, he worked her forward, and at length he spotted the tender. I swung the dripping spout into position over the water tank and opened the valve. Then I climbed back into the cab so I could build up the fire, the blower going full blast.

The engineer said the tender would overflow. He was too damn lazy to get down from the engine, shut off the water, and swing the spout out of the way. So I ran out of the cab. Then we started—that is, we hardly crawled along the track. I told him that maybe some engines were bad but there were a lot of bad engineers, because the whole roundhouse was full of *beutiers.* In case you don't know it, *beutiers* is a French word for freight engineers who wore wooden shoes to work because, unlike the men who pulled the expresses, they didn't get bonuses and couldn't afford leather shoes. Well, my engineer didn't like that, but he clammed up, hadn't a word to say to me even after the run when we were washing up.

The next day, we were supposed to haul a local into Paris. I turned up early, wanting to see what that sperm whale of a locomotive could do, and I took on a full load of briquettes. We used briquettes for getting up steam or climbing a hard grade, because our locomotive coal wasn't good enough. I emptied the whole reserve supplu and stacked 50-pound briquettes right up to the top of the high-collared tender. Then I started counting them. I got up to 42, 43 and kept piling them in; 56, 57, I would use for the grate with the two burnt-out bars; 60, 61, 62 for the left corner of the firebox, 66, 67 for the right side, all ready to go. Every briquette in the tender was now on the cab floor. My engineer still hadn't turned up. That seemed strange; it wasn't like him.

Then, from up on top of the tender, I saw him in the distance. He sauntered up, whistling, obviously in no hurry. I could see that he was a student engineer whom I knew. When he saw that mountain of briquettes in the cab, he probably didn't believe it. For him there were good engines, good engineers, and good firemen. He told me to get all the bricks back into the tender and just keep three rows in the cab.

"You'll see," he said. "I'll find the right notch. I'll work the throttle on the grades and we'll see what she can do. Of course, she's not D207 or D196 or D193; *they* run as sweet as watches."

Well, we started and, twelve miles later, the pressure was still holding between 200 and 220 pounds. At Melun we popped the safety valves to blow off steam, which didn't happen very often on the D12. Stations went by one after another; we were coming into the suburbs.

"Whatever you do, Vitry," he instructed, "don't burn the heel of the fire. We've got a three-hour layover in Paris and we don't want to cut it short."

And there we were shortly afterward, in Paris right across the hall from the station restaurant in the Gare de Lyon. It was another hot day, but I didn't feel as tired as I had been the day before at Montargis after shoveling three tons. We had a break. Going over to Chez Gegene (Gene's Place), an Auvergnat coal-and-wine dealer who sold some good Gaillac, we found another crew and we did some window-shopping.

Then it came time to return. I shoved in the briquettes that I had brought down from the tender at Montargis. Didn't make any smoke; engines were not allowed to smoke in Paris. We started back for Melun via Corbeil, stopping at every station along the way. Now she was steaming. My engineer hunted the right setting for his throttle. He listened to the exhaust until he found it, and she ran like a rabbit.

We were on the "shore line," the route out of Paris that follows the Seine. Thanks to the river, it was fairly cool inside the cab and, besides, we were in the shade. That helped my legs. The coal was dry, even though I kept hosing it down. Dust got in everywhere; it stayed glued to my shirt, drenched with sweat. Luckily, our red bandannas kept our necks clean.

End of the run. I cleaned out the fire. Plenty of clinkers, but no trouble getting rid of them. We washed up; then we ate in the dining room at the engine terminal in Melun, and now night was falling. The engineer looked thoughtful. Yes, he was thinking, but apparently not about his engine. At length he said to me: "When we were coming into the station, I saw flags and lanterns over on the main square. It's Liberation Day, let's go over. There must be a ball on."

We weren't exactly dressed for a ball, being in the blue clothes we had worn on the engine except that they weren't so blue any more. But my engineer told me not to worry, he had seen worse.

These days, it is true, the ladies paint their eyelids black or blue or green. Ours were black, but we had a little beauty hint. You spit on your handkerchief and that takes most of it off. The light coating that remained was not gold; it was coal, but still decorative.

And there we were in the main square. Plenty of people, a *bal musette* in the old tradition, a good band. Both of us stood there and watched.

The engineer turned to me. "Let's get some girls and dance."

"Oh, you know . . . I'm lost."

"Wait here, I'll get you just what you need."

He had spotted a young girl for himself and an older one for me. And now we were dancing with our partners, waltzes, mazurkas, javas, everything. We laughed, we hardly ever stopped laughing. Later on, I quietly stole his partner. She was about my age and a good dancer. That hit him, because he didn't have anything at all. Besides, he was beginning to slip his drivers. We had drunk some sparkling white wine to celebrate the liberation of our native country from German occupation.

The confetti flew, the air was full of sneezing powder. God, how we laughed! At any rate, he was sitting it out and I was dancing with my new partner. The night wore on into the early morning.

He got up, walked over to me, and asked: "By the way, what time do we pull out?"

Our minds were as tired as our bodies were. Still we remembered it was time to get the first commuter trains on the road. We dropped everything, ran back to the dormitory, picked up our sheets and leather bags, and soon were back on the engine again.

This time I didn't even have to use the briquettes to get her hot. No. 231 D12 was running on ordinary French railroad coal, but she never ran better. I was tired, not from shoveling, but from dancing.

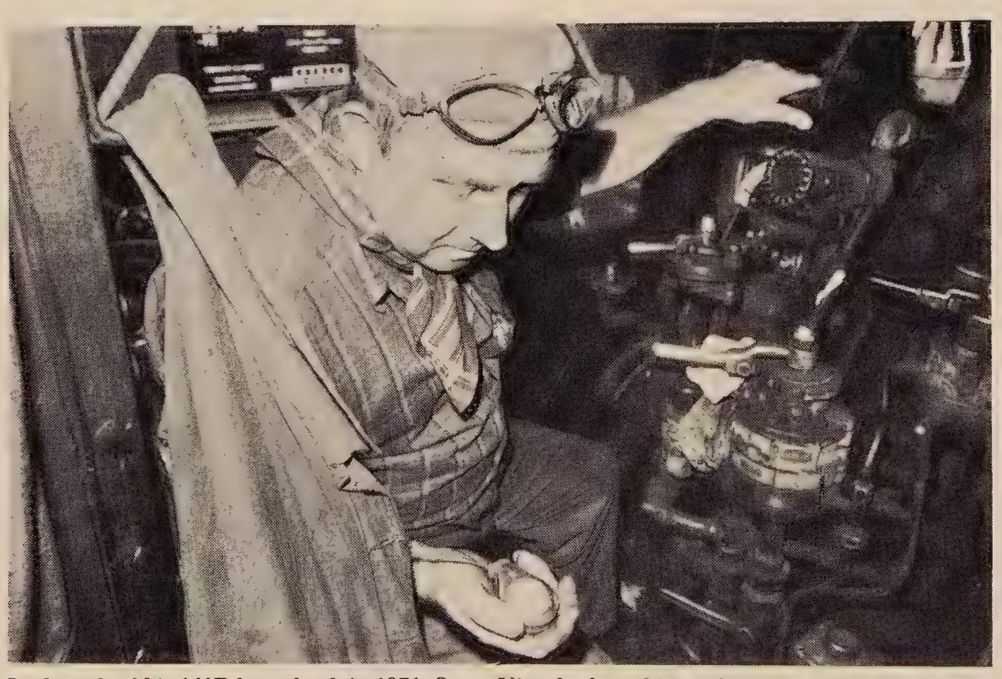
As we pulled out of a station, the engineer told me: "Next time, Vitry, don't swipe my partner."

And I answered: "I couldn't help it. I'm young."

Since then he has retired. I often meet him out walking his dog. One day when he saw my leather bag on my bicycle, he called out: "If you lay over in Melun, take a look and see if your partner is still young."

That was in 1950. Like an elephant, he never forgets. ●

(Adapted from Serge Vitry's story of his career in French engine service, translated by Dan Behrman, 4 Rue Joseph Bara, Paris, 6e, France)



In the cab of his 141R loco, back in 1971, Serge Vitry looks at his steel-encased watch. Although he is now running diesel locomotives, he still refuses to wear a wrist watch. He asked Madeleine de Sinèty to make this photograph for him as a souvenir of his steam days.

PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

New York-bound *Champion* storms out of St. Petersburg, Fla., with four units on the lead, Dec. 26, '72. Heavy Amtrak train depicts holiday travel by rail.
Fred Clark, 312 Mariua Ave., Clearwater, Fla.

IF YOU'VE BEEN putting off that trip by train you've always wanted to take, here's a word of advice: take it before July first. On that date, Amtrak (the National Railroad Passenger Corporation) will have a relatively free rein to do what it pleases with the railroad passenger network it has been operating since May 1, 1971.

Legislation adopted by the Congress in 1970 gives Amtrak the right, subject to ICC approval, of expanding, contracting, or abandoning passenger service after July 1, 1973.

Not many months ago, there seemed to be some doubt as to whether or not Amtrak's top management was convinced there was a market for passenger service, while evidence multiplied that Amtrak was facing stiff opposition in Washington.

The latest news is a bit more optimistic. Amtrak's top management now seems convinced there is a market for passenger service and Amtrak is willing to fight to stay in business. Equally optimistic were the results of a Harris poll which showed that the public by an almost 3-to-1 margin favors continuing inter-city passenger train service even if it means Federal subsidies. And Amtrak was able to report last summer that "the historical decline in railroad passenger ridership has been reversed."

There's no doubt that it could have scored even bigger gains in ridership during the summer of 1972 had it shown better timing in putting the passenger equipment through the repair shops. Instead of starting during the winter months, Amtrak waited until spring and went into the peak summer travel period with a high percentage of equipment still in the shops.

As to funding, the Senate version of the bill creating Amtrak provided only $175 million. The House upped Federal funds and loan guarantees to $340 million. But when the White House Office of Management and Budget got through, Amtrak had only $40 million in "startup" money, plus authority for guaranteed loans up to $100 million. *Forbes* magazine pointed out that the $40 million was less than the U.S. spends daily on highways!

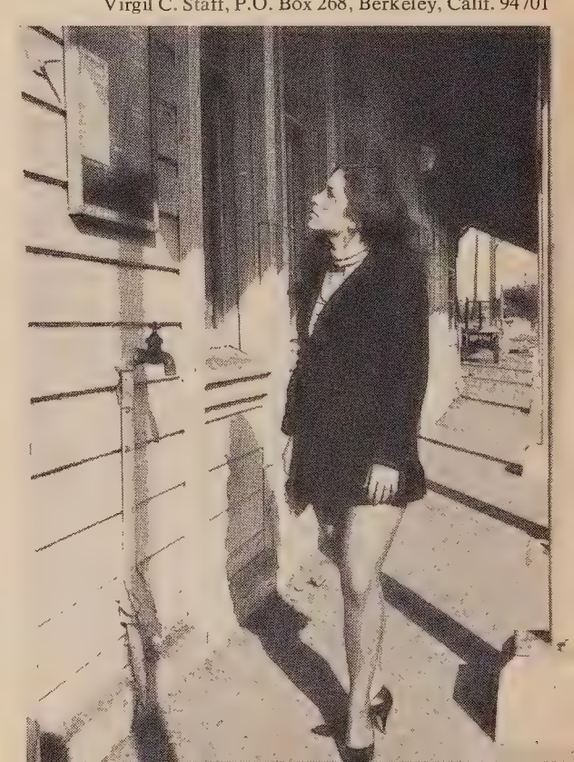
As should have been expected, actual rail passenger service for quite a while remained at the same level of quality as the individual railroads had been providing prior to May 1, 1971. And any rail traveler knows that this level ranged from excellent on one or two railroads to very bad on a lot of them.

In general, the mass media haven't been too fair with Amtrak. About midway in Amtrak's first year, *U.S. News & World Report* struck a low blow by interviewing Benjamin F. Biaggini, president of the Southern Pacific, on the future of passenger trains. Either the editors of the magazine were completely ignorant of the railroad situation or the choice was made deliberately, since Biaggini was highly negative. No other railroad, except perhaps Penn Central, has been more aggressive in trying to get rid of passenger trains than the Southern Pacific.

The foregoing is condensed from an article in the latest issue of *Michigan Business Review,* written by the man who launched our *Passenger Train Survey* some time ago: Cleland B. Wyllie, 3926 E. Delhi Rd., RFD 1, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103. The *Review* is published by the Graduate School of Business Administration, University of Michigan.

Another magazine, *Rail Travel,* P.O. Box 9007, Berkeley, Calif. 94709), comments: "The White House plans to limit Amtrak's money to somewhere from $50 million to $100 million next fiscal year,

While waiting at Pittsburgh, Calif., station for Southern Pacific train No. 51 on April 29, 1971, Rona Neal reads bad news of its imminent discontinuance. Train disappeared when Amtrak took over.
Virgil C. Staff, P.O. Box 268, Berkeley, Calif. 94701



CP Rail's *The Canadian* is shown leaving Agassiz, B.C., at the end of a hot day last July first, heading eastward across Canada. The crack train has been running daily since the mid-1950's, complete with Budd-built stainless-steel cars. Lumberjacks have scrolled trail across mountain.
H.A. Kinsey, 814 William Street, New Westminster, B.C.

in comparison with $170 million for the current year.

(Actually, the Nixon administration has proposed a total only $93 million for Amtrak's next fiscal year, which is obviously inadequate, but has *increased* the huge Pentagon budget by about $4 billion!)

'If Amtrak's budget is cut along the guidelines being drawn up by the White House and the Department of Transportation, the most likely routes to be dropped would be those showing the greatest deficit per passenger-mile. Such long-distance runs could be the New York-to-Kansas City *National Limited,* the Cincinnati-to-Newport portion of the *George Washington-James Whitcomb Riley,* the Chicago-to-Florida Floridian, the Chicago-to-New Orleans *Panama Limited,* and the Chicago-to-Houston *Texas Chief.* It is said that 'corridor' routes such as Boston-Washington, Chicago-Detroit, and Los Angeles-San Diego are relatively safe from dismemberment."

AT LEAST one freight line regularly transports passengers in a caboose. It's the Tucson, Cornelia & Gila Bend Railroad, which operates over a 43 mile stretch between Ajo and Gila Bend, Ariz. The line is owned by the Phelps Dodge Corp. and is primarily a hauler of copper, but it accommodates passengers in its caboose at a cost of only 97 cents for the entire route. About 36 passengers a month ride the caboose. We hope some railfan photographer in that area will send us a picture of caboose passenger service.

HIGH-SPEED *Metroliners* now have back-seat drivers. Not the usual kind. These are electronic. Unlike human second guessers, this new electronic equipment normally keeps its kibitzing to itself. The only time it gets into the act is when it senses that the engineman is incapacitated. Then, instead of complaining, it takes over the controls.

Designed by Union Switch & Signal Division of WABCO, the system compares actual train speed with what the wayside signal system indicates is appropriate. When the train travels faster than the wayside signals direct, and the engineman fails to reduce speed, the electronic back seat driver does it for him. Amtrak's *Metroliners* breeze along between New York and Washington at speeds up to 110 miles per hour.

Incidentally, the *Metroliners* are now carrying small packages between New York and Washington, reports Bob Wayner, railbook publisher. Packages may be handed in at the express check-in counter of New York's Penn Station or Washington Union Station. Packages tendered up to 15 minutes prior to *Metroliner* departure will be shipped on that train. Maximum size, 15x10x15"; up to ten pounds, $10. Over ten pounds, $1 for each extra two pounds or fraction thereof.

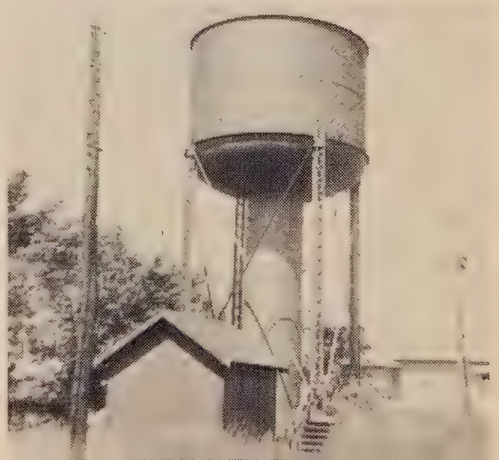
ENCOURAGED by the interest in its fast East Coast trains, Amtrak says it will begin running four high-speed passenger trains in the Midwest by this summer. The trains will run on Chicago-Milwaukee and St. Louis-Chicago routes, and are capable of operational speeds of up to 100 mph.

They will be powered not by electric but by airplane-type, gas-turbine engines. They have a low center of gravity and can operate faster than conventional trains on existing tracks.

Two of the trains will be leased from the French National Railways, which has operated similar ones at average speeds of 75 mph. Amtrak has an option to buy the trains at a cost of $2.2 million each. Two other trains, built by United Aircraft Corp. for the Canadian National, will be purchased for $4.1 million each. These four-car sets have been operated in actual service at over 100 mph.

Amtrak officials are considering legal steps to appeal an ICC decision on reimbursement for transporting passholders. The ICC has ruled that the roads must pay Amtrak 0.78 cents per mile for carrying employes, retirees, or their family members on free or reduced-rate pass-

George S. Dennis, Box 65, Terrace Bay, Ont.
CP Rail water tower at Blind River, Ont., in '64.



Don L. Hofsommer, 215 Fredrick Drive, Albert Lea, Minn. 56007
When mail contracts were lost, trains like the Rock Island's No. 17, *The Plainsman,* shown here at Minneapolis on July 23, 1969, went down the drain. Train prepares to leave from Milwaukee's depot.

es. Amtrak had asked that it be reimbursed at the rate of 8.6 cents per mile, the figure it says represents the cost of hauling a passenger.

Earlier in the dispute the Association of American Railroads had offered to pay Amtrak one-tenth of one cent per mile for carrying passholders, but this offer was rejected by Amtrak as being "ridiculous."

AMTRAK deserves credit for bringing back the operation of full-length Super Dome cars on the Milwaukee Road shortly before last Christmas, for the first time since it began functioning.

THE RIGHTS of non-smoking passengers are championed by the Supreme Court's Chief Justice, Warren E. Burger. The haze of tobacco smoke in Amtrak's Metroclub car between Washington and New York drove him to write a letter of complaint to outgoing Transportation Secretary John A. Volpe, reminding him that, according to the Surgeon General, "where smoking is permitted in an enclosed area, non-smokers are exposed to as much risk as habitual smokers."

Thereupon, Amtrak banned the smoking of cigars and pipes in the Metroclub, the only car on the *Metroliner* for first-class passengers who pay an extra fare. In answer to a query, Justice Burger said he had not smoked since the age of nine when "I tried it with cornsilk."

A partial text of the Burger letter released by the Supreme Court said:

"Tuesday of this week, Mrs. Burger and I took the *Metroliner* to New York and returned Wednesday. On the trip up the club car was polluted by three cigar smokers and on the return by four of them—all in addition to cigarettes. When I called the conductor, I was advised that non-smokers could go to the next car—tourist class—and escape the smokers.

"I could hardly credit what I heard. Twenty-five non-smokers, who paid for first class, could protect themselves from four smokers only by moving. This turns common sense and common decency on its head."

IN ANSWER to many protests of poor phone service, Penn Central has set up, effective January first, a new telephone system in New York City for train information and reservations to speed the handling of calls for Amtrak and commuter service in the metropolitan area.

On the Canadian Front

CANADIAN NATIONAL has a new system in the works that is making Passenger Sales Department personnel look like veritable wizards. This system will enable the department to report things like the exact number of passengers who ride on the *Toronto* to Montreal Bonaventure for any given day of the year. It will also tell how many passengers disembarked at stops along the way; how many meals were purchased, and yes, even the amount of club car drinking.

The wizardry is worked through the magic of CN's sophisticated passenger-revenue reporting system, called Parrs for short Parrs is really made up of two parts. First, there's a newly designed rail ticket which will be collected from rail passengers to be fed into the second part of the system—a piece of modern electronic scanning equipment stored in Winnipeg. Ticket and machine go together to allow CN to produce rapid statistical and revenue data on all aspects of passenger train travel, including number of passengers carried, load factors, and sleeping berths occupied.

A Canadian National spokesman says that Turbo, the jet-powered passenger train, will be back in service early this spring after undergoing extensive alterations. The sleek, silver train had clipped an hour off the regular five-hour, 335-mile Toronto-Montreal run before it was withdrawn because of a series of breakdowns and failures.

Four railway companies operating in Canada will share more than $10 million yearly in new subsidies announced in Ottawa by the Canadian Transport Commission. This money will be allotted for uneconomic passenger services and will be paid to Canadian National, CP Rail, Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railway, and Penn Central.

The railways had applied for permission to discontinue almost all passenger services between Quebec City, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton and London. Under the federal act, such applications are necessary to obtain subsidies. The subsidy, in each case, covers 80 percent of CTC-approved losses.

THE DAUGHTER of a retired Canadian National freight agent, a friend of mine, recently traveled from St. John, N.B. on Canadian Pacific's *Atlantic Limited.* Hitherto, sleeping-car passengers on this train had been free to retire for the night soon after leaving St. John. The conductor would come around and get information to give to the U.S. immigration inspectors when the train entered Maine.

Now, however, the immigration men keep sleeping-car passengers awake for a large part of the night. My friend's daughter asked the reason for this. The conductor said it was "due to a change in regulations." The sleeping-car passengers were furious, saying that in future when they wanted to visit the States they'd either go CNR or fly. I don't know whether or not CP Rail is responsible for this, but if so thay have hit on a new way to dry up traffic on the *Atlantic Limited.*—Malcolm Patterson, Tusket, Yarmouth County, N.S., Canada.

BALDWIN CENTIPEDES

by J. Edgar Smith

Photographs from author's collection The Gulls, Paine Creek Rd., Brewster, Mass. 02631

(Top to bottom) Original Centipede is Seaboard Air Line No. 4500, Baldwin Locomotive Works 6000-hp package power D-E, 2-3000-hp D-E Pennsy loco No. 5823, and 6400 Nationales de Mexico is 3000-hp D-E.

A DIESEL unit with 24 wheels spread over a length of 77 feet and 10 inches suggests a gargantuan centipede, so you don't have to wonder where the name of the 2-D+D-2 came from. But before describing this type, let's look into its background.

After developing the gas-electric passenger railcar for short lines, Electro-Motive Engineering Co. was purchased by the General Motors Corp. in its more ambitious program of dieselizing trunk-line passenger service. GM dominated the dieselization drive with its policy of single standard units used in multiple to meet the roads' requirement of high-horsepower operation. This, of course, was a carry-over from the production line of the automotive industry.

It goes without saying that diesel engines and electrical components are expensive equipment. Although reduced maintenance and high availability help to hold down overall costs, each diesel-electric unit costs the railroads much more than a steamer did. There were many worthy features in the former, such as more uniform torque of the electric motors causing less damage to the rails and roadbed by avoiding the pounding action of the revolving weights of steam locomotive drivers and enabling heavier trains to be started and elimination of boiler problems such as Federal safety inspection, water treatment, and the handling of coal and ashes, not to mention much cleaner operation and less pollution.

Mechanically, the early performance of diesel-electrics showed no outstanding advantages over the steam power which at that time was enjoying peak performance. However, even oldtime steam locomotive men admitted it was easier to sit in the diesel cab dressed in a business suit rather than work in the sooty cab of a steamer, bundled up in coveralls, with neckerchief, cap and gloves, brushing away cinders and looking like someone from out of this world. There was very little color distinction among steamers—nearly all were black.

Even so, the first cost of diesels far exceeded that of steamers with comparable horsepower. However, the "weight" of the shipping business from General Motors may have helped in influencing the railroads to outlay the extra expense to get the advantages.

On the other hand, thousands of steam locomotives were produced by the "big three" builders—Baldwin, Alco and Lima—and most of them were mighty fine specimens. Their performance records as a whole were notable. Mostly, they were built specifically for the operating conditions of individual roads. However when the old-line builders entered the diesel field they followed the lead of General Motors in developing locomotives much the same as Electro-Motive units, but with some characteristics of their own manufacture, so that the builder would be evident. With encouragement from some customer roads, particularly their mechanical departments, Baldwin stepped out in an effort to build single units of higher horsepower. Thus the "Centipede" was born.

In 1945, when Baldwin brought out the 3000-hp diesel unit for the Seaboard Air Line it was the most powerful single unit diesel-electric thus far built. This streamlined giant generated 3000 hp from two supercharged engines mounted in one body, marking quite a forward step in the evolution of diesel-electric power. Heretofore, in locomotives of more than 2000 hp, it had been necessary to provide two or more units coupled together to provide the needed power.

The diesel-electric has always had the advantage of low axle loading and freedom from dynamic augment, but had suffered the disadvantage of the great length of multiple units in relation to horsepower, the difficulty of including in the design a desirable excess of traction-motor capacity over engine horsepower, and a less than satisfactory wheel arrangement for high-speed road service. The new 3000-hp locomotive went a long way toward eliminating these disadvantages.

The type of running gear successfully used in modern electric locomotive service on the New Haven and the Pennsylvania permitted the use of unusual traction motor capacity reserve. At the same time, the distribution of weight over the multi-wheel arrangement kept the driving axle load down to a maximum of 51,250 pounds per axle. The truck loading was 40,750 pounds per axle on the leading truck and 42,850 on the rear truck. The weight equally distributed on the eight driving axles was 410,000 pounds, with a total weight of 577,200 pounds for the locomotive in working order. All this within a total wheel base of 77 feet, 10 inches—capable of being turned around on a 100-foot turntable.

The multiplicity of wheels somewhat resembled a centipede, a label which it acquired, jokingly at first, but later as the name of its type. Some roads welcomed the design as an opportunity to resume operation with standard equipment such as turntables and roundhouses. Seaboard promptly ordered 13 additional units, making a total of 14; Nationales de Mexico ordered 14 units, and the Pennsylvania ordered 12 double-ended 6000-hp locomotives, each consisting of two 3000-hp units coupled back-to-back. These later were used without turnaround—the operating crews transferring from one cab to the other—for runs between New York and Chicago.

There were problems, of course, with so many wheels; but automatic slack adjusters on the brake equipment took care of the variations in brakeshoe wear, while wheel-slip control in the electrical system insured smooth operation by avoiding power runaways. These features, as well as the provision of a "flush deck" type of cab underframe—which contained enameled tank space for 3500 gallons of fuel oil, 330 gallons of lubricating oil, and 2500 gallons of heating boiler water, interspersed between air ducts for traction motor cooling air—were just the kind of individual unit designing for which Baldwin was famous.

The 2-D+D-2 wheel arrangement comprised two four-wheel engine trucks and two articulated driving wheel trucks, all having cast steel frames. The articulated trucks had side frames, crossties, pedestals, engine truck center pins, cab center plates, and motor suspension supports cast integral. The frame pedestals were equipped with rubber insert pedestal gibs. The inner ends of the two articulated truck frames were connected by means of an articulated joint of the ball, socket, and pin type, oil-lubricated.

The driving axles were of forged low-carbon nickel-steel, hollow-bored and mounted in SKF roller bearings. The multi-wear driving wheels, 40 inches in diameter, were Freedom type wrought steel. The roller-bearing boxes were arranged for oil lubrication of bearings and pedestals and were designed for future application of the Edison bearing temperature alarm system.

Equalization for each articulated truck consisted of a three-point support with four driving axles connected on the side, forming two points, while the third point was the engine-truck center pin. A semi-elliptic spring rested directly on each driving box, the ends being connected to forged equalizing beams, except at the ends where spring-cushioned links connected with the articulated truck frame.

The four-wheel engine trucks (leading and rear) had hollow-bored axles of low-carbon nickel-steel, mounted in SKF roller bearings, and Freedom-wrought steel multi-wear wheels, 40 inches in diameter, identical with the driving wheel assemblies. The nickel-steel frames had side members, transoms, end frames, gussets, and pedestals cast integral. Each truck bolster carried restraint rockers to resist lateral pressure to the extent of about 27½ percent of the truck loading. Truck equalization consisted of semi-elliptic springs carried on the journal boxes, the inner ends of the two springs on one side of the truck being connected by an equal beam, the outer ends of the springs being connected to the truck frame by spring-cushioned links. A radius bar, equipped with a centering device attached to the adjacent truck frame, was applied to each four-wheel truck to prevent "nosing" action of the truck on tangent track.

Each of the two diesel engines were Baldwin four-cycle, vertical, eight-cylinder, in-line engines, equipped with Elliott-Buchi tubochargers. Each of the Model 608 engines developed 1500 hp at 625 rpm. The Baldwin standard solid injection-type fuel system was used with centrifugal trip type overspeed stops and hydraulic relay type governors.

All these details were well recorded in company bulletins. It is not generally known—though it does represent advance planning—that the original designer's "dream-child" was a 6000-hp single-unit D-E locomotive capable of being turned around on a 100-foot turntable. And scandalous though it may seem, there is much historical value in engineering precedence in Baldwin's first attempt at developing a single-unit diesel-electric locomotive of high horsepower. This was a first, in the sense that it was the earliest attempt to offer to American railroads a 6000-hp D-E locomotive which could be turned on a 100-foot turntable. The 6000-hp design was to have been a package power job, consisting of eight 750-hp D-E package power units.

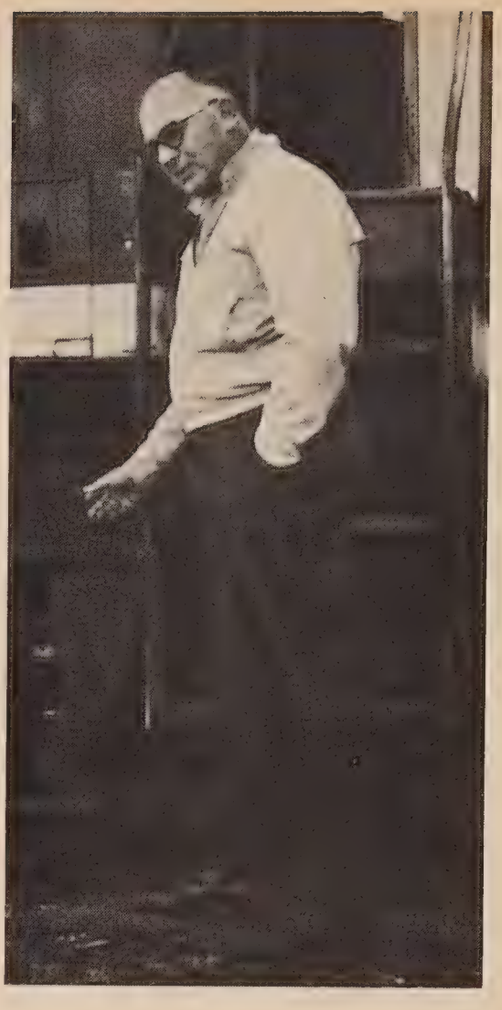
The diesel engine of this dream design, the proposed 750-hp V-type engine, did not develop as well as had been expected, though the running gear and underframe were continuing in manufacture under the premise that it would. With the immediate demand for the 3000-hp units, the early design was abandoned and never resumed.

Although Electro-Motive still holds to the multiple-unit idea, a new interest is developing for the high-horsepower single units. Possibly Baldwin was ahead of its time; but much was learned then about building these long simple units, which still obtain.

INTERESTING RAILFANS No. 124

WILLIAM F. RAPP, JR.

by FREEMAN HUBBARD



OUR personality this month is William Frederick Rapp, Jr., whose two main interests, out- and insects. Bill is best known to our readers as editor of the Railroad Station Historical Society, which he had a major role in organizing, and publisher of its *Bulletin* and the *Railway History Monograph,* both illustrated periodicals. He is also an entomologist—loosely translated "bug collector"—employed by the Nebraska State Health Department in its section on Diseases Common to Man and Animal.

"If you go to his home expecting to find six-pack drinks in his refrigerator," writes Jack Willard, an electrical engineer of Denver, Colo., "you are likely to find instead bottles of ticks (tiny blood sucking parasites). He called me long-distance from somewhere in the sandhills of western Nebraska to ask how he could operate a mosquito trap electrically from an R.E.A. line in the vicinity."

This unique character was born in Newark, N.J., on March 24th, 1918. His father spent a lifetime in the railroad industry, beginning at age 12 as a messenger in the Erie's passenger department and becoming a Union Pacific statistician and fiscal analyst, preparing the UP's annual reports, and retiring in 1956. Since passes were almost unlimited in Bill's early years, the lad frequently traveled by rail with his father. He also had an uncle who was a conductor on the Erie's Greenwood Lake Division and often rode his uncle's train.

A friend of his father was the engineer on a local freight run and occasionally gave the boy a cab ride. In addition, while Bill was growing up, he had access to *Baldwin Locomotives,* the UP employes' magazine, *Railway Age,* and sometimes *Railroad Magazine.* His father possessed an excellent knowledge of railroad operation and always had time to answer the boy's questions and to explain the how and why. Bill regrets now that he didn't realize how much railroad history his sire knew until the old man died and it was too late. With such a background, you can easily understand why No. 123 has been a railbuff from as far back as he can remember.

"The first railroad pictures I recall taking showed Lackawanna Camelbacks at Chatham, N.J., where I lived from 1926 till 1944," he tells us. "Around that time the road was being electrified, but I did not concentrate on rail photography until the 1950's, after moving to Nebraska. Since 1961 I have made over 3000 rail photos, mostly black and white, some in color. Until recently I processed b&w pix in my own well-equipped darkroom; but now, to save time, I send them to a custom lab."

Bill's professional work takes him to all parts of Nebraska, which permits him to photograph the depots in those areas. His job also sends him to several out-of-state meetings each year. A camera always goes with him for use mostly on railroad subjects. A year and a half ago, when he was shooting the Missouri Pacific depot at Pleasant Hill, Mo., the operator opened the door and yelled: "Are you a railfan?" Bill said yes, whereupon the op brought out some old train orders for him. In the talk that followed, Bill asked: "Do you happen to know a Missouri Pacific operator named Norbert Shacklette who works in the St. Louis area?"

The railroader gave him a weird look. "I am Norbert Shacklette. Who are you?"

They had been corresponding off and on for a couple of years without meeting. Bill told his pen pal that he took many kinds of railroad photos, chiefly those showing the technical details of a depot, boxcar, coaling tower, or locomotive, and sometimes human interest.

Wet weather doesn't faze him. On one occasion Bill and his wife, the former Janet L. Cooper, spent a ten-day vacation in the Indiana sand dunes while it rained every day, but they tramped the fresh woodland trails in gusty torrents with a feeling of elation. And last June 23rd to 25th, when the Railway Station Historical Society held its annual convention in Pittsburgh, Pa., a downpour was flooding and devastating the East. Undeterred by a dripping sky, the members followed an outdoor route which their convention chairman, Ed Weber, had laid out in advance for them. Those fans took their railroads seriously. Norbert Shacklette was there. "People who saw us shoot pictures in a driving rain must have thought we were nuts, and maybe we were," he recalls with a grin, "but it was too late for us to cancel the plans, and we really had fun."

Bill is 5 feet 9 inches tall, is well built, though somewhat overweight at 195 pounds, and his receding brown hair is edged with gray. Even in his office he wears sports attire, with a tie, but seldom a suit or white shirt, and no tie on field trips. Besides puttering around in his little vegetable and fruit garden, he often walks five or six miles a day in his scientific outdoor work for the state.

"On field surveys for mosquito control," he says, "I really enjoy hiking in the mountains and along river banks. By doing so, I learn much more of the world around me than I could from the front seat of a car."

His first paid job was sorting out replies from a soap company's advertising contest. Since 1952 he has been on the Nebraska state payroll, tracking down the cause of diseases transmitted by ticks and various insects. Being an entomologist is exactly what he wants to be. He is lucky, too, in that he just about runs his own show. His wife also is a trained entomologist, she on the physiological side and he in the medical field.

Janet is a winsome, blue-eyed blonde of

This was the original Missouri Pacific depot built in Crete in 1889. It was considered very fancy for a structure located out on the prairie in a small college town. Jay Gould had visited the place in 1887 and expressed an interest in having the MoP run into Crete. The community thereupon voted $35,000 in bonds to help make this possible and it can be assumed that Gould built the station in appreciation. The old building was torn down in 1950. The picture was Bill's first station photograph after he had moved to Crete.

medium height, slim build, and a graceful posture. The only railroader in her family tree was a greatuncle, a Jersey Central agent. She has a Ph.D. degree as well as a B.S. and an M.S. For 21 years, besides keeping house and helping to raise their three daughters—Patricia, Susan, and Margery—Dr. Rapp has been employed by a manufacturer of liquifeeds and mineral supplements. Like Bill, she is the author of many technical papers. She holds some patents for feeds and feed supplements and is active as a Girl Scout leader.

"How did you first meet Bill?" I inquired.

Jan said: "We were both enrolled at Rutgers University in New Brunswick, N.J., in the Entomology Department. I was a first-year graduate and he was a senior. We met in the fall of 1943 at the favorite eating-house in that area. At first I wasn't too much impressed with Bill; but we both enjoyed eating, and still do."

How unusual—they both liked to eat! And since they were studying entomology, they shared a fondness for insects. With at least food and bugs in common, they began dating, and soon discovered many other mutual interests. The young couple had fun hiking, swimming, and picture-taking, to mention only a few. Life with each other became very pleasant. Romance developed, leading to marriage on September 30th, 1944.

"The very next day," Jan tells us, "we moved to the University of Illinois at Champaign, where we spent three fruitful years, both going through school on graduate assistanceships. Our married life started in a one-room apartment with a fold-away bed that would split in two during the night. Sometimes, without me pushing, Bill as the outside partner would abruptly find himself halfway across the room. During those years we often rode the Illinois Traction interurbans on insect-collecting trips. Courteous train crews would let us off or pick us up at any place along the line."

Jan recalls also "the most beautiful railroad spot I have ever seen" on the old Buffalo Creek & Gauley at Dundon, W. Va. "That day, June 5, 1962, Bill and I, with our three daughters and our collie dog, Laddie, drove up some impossible

The Rapp family (left to right) Bill, Patricia L., Susan K., Janet L.C., and Margery A. Rapp taken on December 23, 1972, at Crete, Nebraska. Bill's used to cold days in West.
Photograph by Dennis Beranek

At one time this CB&Q station at Creston, Iowa, was an important division location. Aside from the usual waiting rooms, ticket offices, and baggage rooms on first floor, the depot housed the dispatcher, division superintendent and engineer, trainmaster, and all the clerks on the upper part of the building. The station, as shown on Dec. 5, 1967, was a fine example of what a railroad could do for a community and its employees. In its day it was one of the finest structures in Crestwood.
Photographs by William F. Rapp, Jr.

mountain over dirt roads looking for engines that hauled coal for a mine. We found the mine about two p.m., but it had been shut down for a two-week vacation and all the engines were being shopped at the place we had just come from. So back down the mountain we went. The setting sun shone gloriously on the newly-painted steamers, some of them red and green, and we pitched our tents overnight in the yards near where some other railfans were encamped."

Bill tells us, "I live at 430 Ivy Avenue in Crete, Nebraska, which is 25 miles from Lincoln, headquarters of the nearest real railfan club. in Lincoln. Their meetings are held on Tuesday evenings, when I am often out on business."

Bill has a fair-sized library. He prefers books and magazines dealing with history and technical phases. "To me," he says, "publications like *Railroad Magazine, Trains,* the R&LHS and NRHS bulletins, and the *Colorado Rail Annual* are more important sources of data than the fancy picture-books, although many people enjoy the latter and I have my share of them."

As for reading habits, Railfan 123 relaxes with history, biography, and mystery stories. He also keeps up with a few medical, entomological, philatelic, and genealogical journals.

"I get to read many periodicals because I spend several nights away from home each month and carry a suitcase full of them on my travels. I seldom watch TV and haven't seen a movie in years. There is little to do in a small western town after supper. Nebraska has only 15 cities with a population over 10,000. Oh, yes, I like phonograph records, but mostly I enjoy nature. The great outdoors fascinates me. I guess that's why I'm an entomologist. I look for ferns, see new insects, watch birds. I spend a lot of time by myself and have camped for days on the high plains when making tick surveys. And I am fond of animals. To me, a house without a dog would not be a home. My wife encourages and helps in my hobbies and professional interests. With a common bond we work together on many projects."

"Why do you love Bill?" I asked Jan.

A slow smile illuminated her face. "Why? Because he loves me, he is good to me, he comes when I call, he volunteers to do chores, he remembers such things as birthdays, and he brings home surprises for me on miscellaneous days."

Another lady who knows Bill very well is Helen Krebs of Crete, Nebraska. "I have never seen a more versatile person than William Rapp," she says. "His interests include such diverse subjects as people, insects, railroad stations, books, history, birds and animals, landmarks, postage stamps, photography, cooking, writing, and publishing."

For eight years he was editor of the *Nebraska Bird Review* and is senior author of the *Check-List of Nebraska Birds.* He used to raise White-Crested Black Polish Chickens, which he showed for years throughout the Midwest, and won several trophies with them. He now has a small loft of Yellow and Red Magpies (pigeons), which he exhibits far and wide.

According to Russell W. Currier of Lincoln; "Bill is ebullient, a cross between Teddy Roosevelt and Will Rogers. His home looks vaguely like an entomological library. Bill could probably identify any flea on earth and knows the location of Nebraska's only railroad tunnel and every ghost town in the state. He is diplomatic, too. Once I complained of being overweight, and he said: 'You're not fat, Russ; just don't get any heavier."

Russ lists some of Bill's many facets: biology professor, printer, entomologist, ecologist, water pollution expert, municipal supply salesman, railroad historian, editor of *Postal History USA* and other periodicals, a veteran of British Government service, and—pardon us for being sexy!—an artificial inseminator of fleas. Our hero is listed in the prestigitous *American Men of Science.* As Bill himself puts it whimsically, "I am one of those characters with more interests than brains." Says Jack Willard: "Bill Rapp was one of the judges at a philatelic show in which another man and I were tied for an award on the postal history of the Denver & Rio Grande Western in connection with the road's centenary."

Jack and two other men jointly authored a book entitled *Postal History of Colorado,* which Bill published and sells for $15. It has 248 pages, clothbound, and is illustrated with photos and maps. J-B Publishing Co., the initials of Janet and Bill, also puts out the following books:

Stations of the New Jersey Short Line Railroads, pictorial history by Ed Weber and Bill Rapp, 24 pages, paperbound, $2.50; *A Railfans' Guide to Nebraska,* by Rapp and five others, 48 pages, $1.75; *Nebraska CB&Q Depots,* by Rapp, with 25 pages of illustrations, $3.75; *Alphabetical Listing of Colorado Railway Post Offices,* by Willard, $1; and *Post Offices of Nebraska:* Part I, *Territorial Post Of-*

fices, by Rapp, 15 pages plus two plates and three maps, $2.

Bill has some 2,200 cataloged railroad photos and negatives and about 250 not cataloged. Two classifications, in fact: stations and other railroad subjects. He also saves timetables and train orders and is an active member of the International Association of Train Order Collectors.

"To my mind," he says, "a railphoto collection should be shared with other people, not hidden away and looked at only when nobody else is around. Since the founding of the Railroad Station Historical Society I have worked for an archive where we can eventually deposit our treasures, after taking our last photo —a place where pix will be taken care of and yet be available to future students of rail history. Well, we finally have the archive we want—in the National Museum of History and Technology at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C."

Bill has a scholarly record as author of technical yet practical pamphlets and magazine articles such as *Wood Ticks and How to Control Them in Infested Areas, The Control of Domestic Rats,* and the like. Also, he edits *The Railway History Monograph,* a quarterly journal devoted to railroads, trolley lines, and interurbans. Back or current issues of this illustrated periodical may be had from him at $2 a copy, $6 a year.

"In 1952 I was surprised to find there was no major work on railway stations in the English language," he tells me. "Not until 1956 did the late Carroll L.V. Meeks put out his great book, *The Railroad Station.* By that time many fine old depots had been razed, but others remained to be looked at and photographed. I was attracted by their architecture and the fact that many roads had master plans for them. After designing a building with a specific layout, the carrier supplied charts based on it for similar depots in different sizes. This technique kept small communities happy, for the people felt they were getting the local equivalent of big-city depots."

One intriguing question: Why did railroad companies build such depots for certain communities? For example, Wymore, Nebr., with only about 1700 inhabitants, boasts a large station of late 19th century Victorian architecture. Digging into history, you learn it was built at the time when Wymore was a flourishing division point.

"Many years ago the railroad station was a social center," Bill comments. "Here you entered a community and got your first impression of it. From here you departed to seek your fortune or go to college or take a vacation trip. When you sent a telegram you usually did so at the station. If you were a merchant, your supplies came by train and you went there to pay the freight bill. Today, most folks have forgotten just how essential the railroad really was in grandpa's day. But I don't believe every depot should be saved—only those that could serve a useful purpose today or have value historically or architecturally. Many of them could be converted to libraries, museums, recreational facilities, and so on."

The Railroad Station Historical Society was founded in the fall of 1967 by Bill Rapp and the late Tuck Richardson of Eufala, Oklahoma. Our magazine had announced that Tuck wanted to hear from anyone interested in stations. Bill promptly wrote that he and Sanford C. Downs of Lincoln desired to organize such hobbyists. Tuck replied in effect: "Let's pool our interests and get the organization going."

They decided against a formal club with a constitution, by-laws, etc., but set dues at the low rate of $3 a year and drew up these objectives: (1) To encourage people to photograph stations and other railroad structures and collect data on them; (2) to issue a bulletin and, as the need arises, other publications; (3) to act as a clearing house for fans with such interests, and (4) to establish archives. J-B published the first *Bulletin* in January, 1968, just after an automobile accident had killed their first secretary-treasurer, Tuck Richardson. Sanford took over Tuck's post. Then in the spring of 1971 Sanford resigned, whereupon Bill's wife, Janet, succeeded him but with a broader title, business manager.

The Rapps had bought a second-hand photo-offset press on which to print the *Bulletin*—which covers both sides of seven typewriter-size sheets—and they recently replaced it with a new press. Jan manages the books. She also does the typing, mailing, and advertising, and occasionally runs the press. As editor-publisher, Bill decides what goes into each issue. He takes the pictures and gets negatives made. Jan strips the negatives and makes the plates. Then she types master-sheets for the *Bulletin,* correcting errors in spelling and grammar as she goes along.

As is the case with *Railroad Magazine,* Bill gets plenty of photos for publication but very few with adequate caption material. "Unfortunately," he says, "a photo with no data has little interest for anyone except the person who took it. Aside from that, the *Bulletin* urgently needs good articles."

One defect in Bill's way of life is "having too many irons in the fire." Also, he likes people so much that he finds it hard to deny their requests, even time-consuming requests—like the girl in the old song which relates, "In seventeen languages, she couldn't say no." And he just can't keep his desk top neat. There are always piles of unanswered letters, etc., on which he is working. Among his dislikes are so-called railfans who criticize the railroads and almost never ride trains but steal all the railroadiana they can pick up. Another aversion is watching open-mouthed girls in his classroom chew gum while he is delivering a scientific lecture.

This little three-room 19th century depot formerly served the Wabash at Truesdale, Mo. Having outlived its usefulness, without benefit of repairs, it was torn down when Norfolk & Western took over.

Twilight of the Boomers

A CLASSIC TRUE TALE BY HARRY K. McCLINTOCK

Originally Published in Our Issue of October, 1939

THE OLDTIME BOOMERS, those of us who wandered from one locality to another for the seasonal "rushes," have just about disappeared, like the shadowy "thin blue line" and "thin gray line" of Civil War veterans. Nowadays the periodical requirements for additional men to move the wheat, the melons, or the strawberries is met by the recruiting of local boys, boys who are furloughed when the temporary business falls off but may be depended upon to stick around until needed.

The boomer would have departed for distant parts, secure in the knowledge that he'd catch onto another job within a week or a month, aware that some railroad, somewhere, was always hiring. A real boomer was not just a guy who changed jobs often. The real boomer had made a study of the situation and, when let out—by reduction of force, strike, discharge, or merely a desire for roving—knew exactly where his chances of picking up other employment were brightest.

But you can't be a boomer without a boom. That is to say, prosperity creates a class of ramblers. I grabbed and held scores of railroad jobs mainly because, in the early 1900's, during my most active years, the United States of America was passing through its great era of industrial expansion, an era which produced the biggest boom in history.

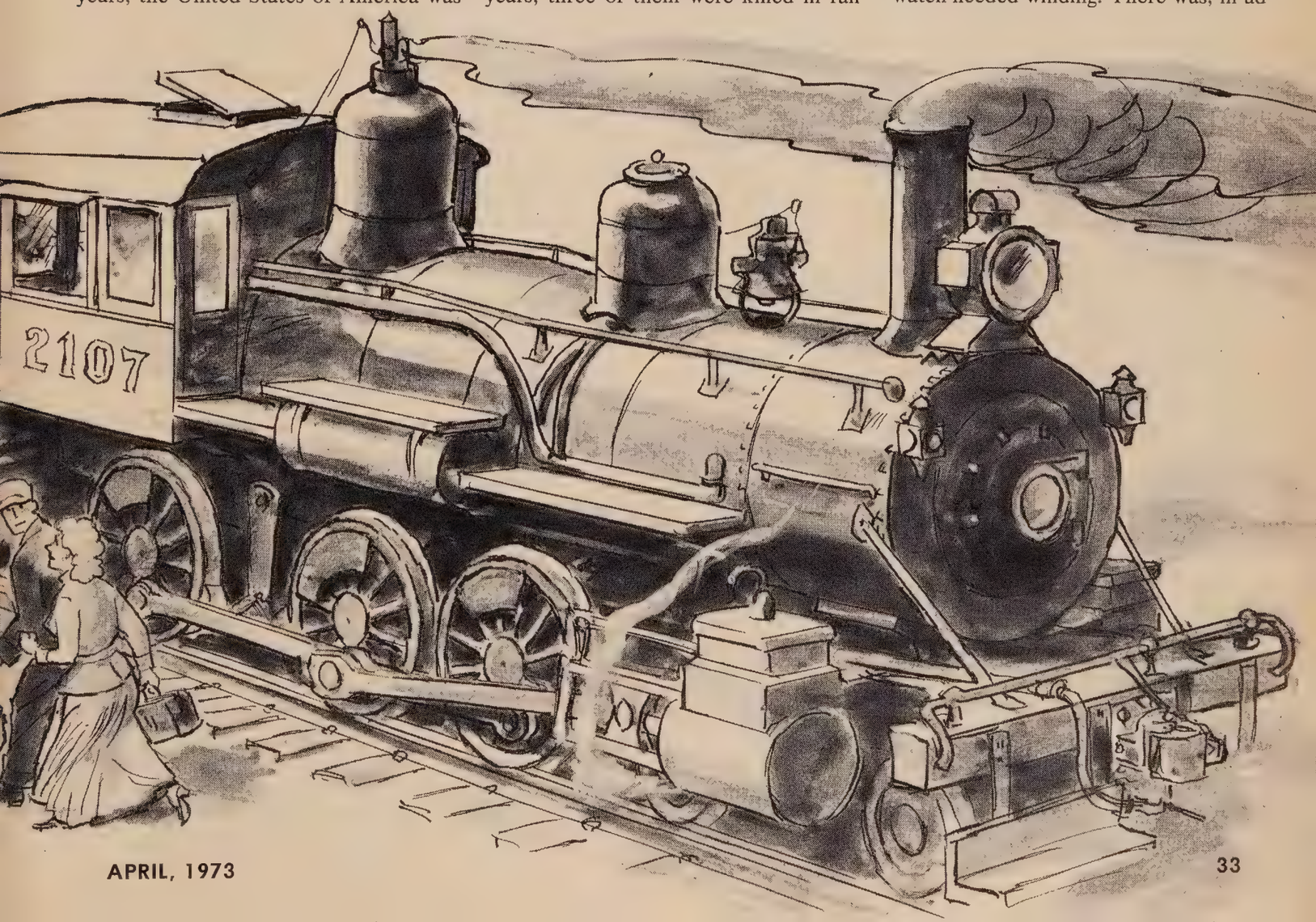
And now, as twilight comes on for us boomers, our clan is vanishing because it is no longer necessary for the country to have a mobile emergency force of competent railroaders ready and willing to go anywhere, anytime, and "hit the ball" when they get there. If such a period were ever to come again, which it won't, the boomers would be back as cocky and exasperating and likeable as ever.

You can't say I didn't come by railroad blood honestly. My father was a railroad shopman, a cabinet-maker, at a time when passenger coaches had a lot of fine woodwork in their interiors and when you had to be a highly skilled mechanic to build a wooden engine cab that wouldn't loosen up after a few years' service. I also had one uncle who was a shopman and another who was an engineer; and the heroes of my early youth were four swaggering, hell-raising boomer trainmen, with whom I was well acquainted.

These four had been uprooted and set adrift by the Pullman strike of 1894, sometimes called "the Debs Rebellion," and they had never settled down. In later years, three of them were killed in railway accidents; but during my boyhood they all were very much alive and kicking. One or another of them would show up at the house now and then. Sometimes he came in new clothes, with a pleasant jingle of silver in his pockets, an ample supply of Wheeling stogies, and a general air of confidence and well-being.

Then there were times, too, when the wanderer drifted home C.O.D.—broke and ragged and hungry—and there were sad occasions when one of the boys had to be carried up the front walk on a stretcher, for accidents were frequent in the latter part of the 19th century. My own bed, as a lad, was a hospital cot originally owned by the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railway, on which my Uncle George had once returned home with a badly smashed foot.

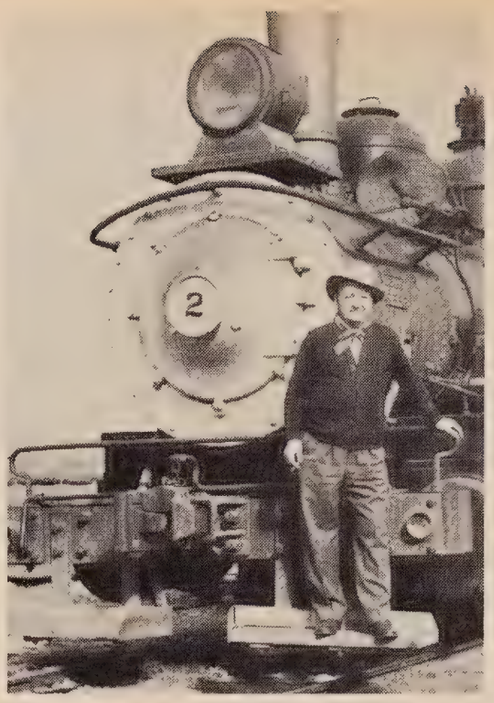
My first timepiece was a key-winder to which I fell heir when railroad inspectors finally legalized stem-winders. This horological masterpiece was, figuratively speaking, about the size and shape of a Rocky Ford canteloupe and weighed just a trifle less than a paving brick. The key was hung on the chain like a charm. There was a flat dingus to pry open the outer lid of the heavy silver case when the watch needed winding. There was, in ad-



dition, an inner lid to give the delicate works still more protection and which had a hole to admit the key.

I also had a small collection of brass switch keys, plus a half dozen oilburning lanterns from as many different roads. My uncles taught me to talk in railroad slang; I could swing a mean "washout" or give a "broke in two" signal almost as soon as I was able to lift a "glim," or lantern, and I was familiar with the unofficial code of track and car signs used universally by switchmen even before I could scrawl the alphabet on a slate with a squeaky, saliva-wet pencil.

A long boardwalk in our backyard, extended from the rear porch to the far end of the lot. It didn't require much of a stretch on the imagination of a small boy to convert the boardwalk into the top of a freight train. I spent parts of many summer evenings galloping up and down that boardwalk giving signals to an imaginary engineer.



McClintock ("Haywire Mac") is seen switching on the Harbor Terminal Railway in San Pedro. The yard goat, *Betsy,* was outshopped in '88.

I DID my first railroading in Africa, down in Rhodesia, which adventure was duly chronicled in the July '38 issue of *Railroad Magazine.* Prior to that I had soldiered in the Philippines and China, and after the Rhodesian experience I became a sailor for a time, working my way from Delagoa Bay to Sydney and later from Sydney to London and back to the U.S.A.

When I stepped ashore from my last ship at Philadelphia, Pa., in the summer of 1902, I found that the big-business boom which had started along with the Spanish-American War was now well under way. (Incidentally, Bill Knapke, one of my boomer friends, fought in that war.)

An era of huge combinations had set in. The industrialists were ganging up. Your "Beef Trust" and International Harvester and the DuPont outfit and Standard Oil and the world's first billion-dollar corporation, U.S. Steel, to mention only a few of them, were either already in the field or in process of formation.

The industrial core of the nation, that much-exploited section lying within a two-hundred-mile radius of Pittsburgh, Pa., was literally exploding with feverish activity. Long drags of coal and coke and iron ore were trundled ponderously from the mines and the Lake ports to the steel towns whose belching stacks clouded the sky, even then, with polluting palls of smoke. New mills and shops were springing up everywhere; new factory towns mushroomed overnight.

Railroads were buried under an avalanche of freight. Shippers fought, bribed and schemed to get cars, while the carriers built and bought and borrowed cars and the locomotives to haul them. A cry went up for bigger and better engines that could pull more tonnage; and our main lines had to be re-ballasted and strung with heavier steel when the bigger hogs came along. Roundhouses, shops and turntables had to be rebuilt. The car shops were forced to put in flange fires and riveting forges to repair the new steel-framed boxcars and the all-steel coal and coke and ore cars.

It was this boom that made me a boomer, just as it made boomers out of thousands of others. Every railroad on the continent was periodically swamped by seasonal freight such as grain, livestock, green fruit, sugarcane, and iron ore which moved only when navigation was open on the Great Lakes. And there was always a flood of steel and brick for the new factories and the machinery to tool them, and the lumber, lime, cement, and other building materials for the new towns.

My first job on an American railroad was at Wall yard on the Pennsy just east of Pittsburgh, where I was taken on as a yard brakeman. That venture lasted exactly four nights.

The Pennsylvania's policy was to hire only greenhorns as brakemen and firemen, and thus they had the doubtful privilege of training car-hands and smoke-pushers for subsequent positions on other roads. Getting a job on any part of the Pennsy in those days was a cinch. So, being physically fit, I was hired on sight, presenting my British seaman's discharge book in lieu of the customary five-year reference.

Yard crews toiled all day from six to six. It may give you an idea of the prevailing scarcity of men when I say that road brakemen were required to make only one round trip over a division as students before being placed on the payroll; while yard men served no apprenticeship whatever, but drew full pay from the moment they stepped on a footboard.

My first assignment was riding the "stake engine." Now, I don't know who invented this hazardous method of switching; but I hope that the public enemy, whoever he was, was given his due reward when he died.

A string of cars was dragged out on the lead by one engine, and the various cuts were shunted into clear by another goat that ran on a track paralleling the lead. This second locomotive was the "stake" part on the layout, and the cars were shoved by a pole attached to the stake car ahead of her. Two men rode the stake car, the conductor to give signals and another guy to set the pole against the corner of the car that was being moved by means of a lever. The rider of the cut pulled his own pin, swarmed up to the roof, and rode the cut to a joint. I don't know whether or not I have made myself clear; but it doesn't matter, as this sadistic stunt has been justly outlawed for many years.

THE THEORY behind it was that there was less wear and tear on drawbars and less damage to freight than in the ordinary method of "battin' 'em out." The dangerous angle was that the first kick didn't always get the cars into clear, whereupon the stake engine would lope down and give the cut a second boost.

Now, it is ticklish enough to set a pole from the ground with the car at a standstill. When both car and engine were moving, you can imagine the jolt with which the pole frequently connected. If you didn't see it coming and brace yourself accordingly, you were almost certain to get knocked clean off the roof. So many men were messed up on this job that the Wall yard got the name of "slaughterhouse" and carried it for years.

One poor kid had his foot crushed the very first night I worked there, and three nights later two men were badly injured in switching a string of cars. That was enough for me. I walked off in the middle of the night, and marked stake engines first out on my "never again" list from then on.

The rate of pay was, I believe, $2.64 for a twelve-hour shift—and I mean twelve hours! The company had thoughtfully held out $1.50 from my wages for

insurance, so it didn't take me long to squander my ill-gotten gains in Pittsburgh. From there I headed West, dropping off a rattler (freight train) at Alliance, Ohio, where I hired out as freight brakeman on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago (Pennsylvania Lines West).

This was in the fall of 1902. It was either that year or the following spring which saw the last of the old link-and-pin drawbars on that road. A train of about thirty-five cars was handled from Crestline to Alliance, billed to Cleveland shops via the Cleveland & Pittsburgh. These were old bunk cars, work-train flats, and material cars gathered up around Chicago yard and the Fort Wayne shops, and all were scrapped on arrival at Cleveland. The conductor was Charles Anthony Roach, a boomer who later wrote fiction and true tales for *Railroad Magazine* under the name of "Silent Slim." Charlie was one of the best story-tellers I ever met, and a helluva nice guy. I believe his train was the last link-and-pin consist the Pennsy ever handled.

Crews worked both ways out of Alliance. To give you an idea of wages and working conditions, a "west end day" from Alliance to Crestline, 106 miles, paid a brakie $2.14 with overtime after eleven hours. An "east end day," from Alliance to Allegheny or from Alliance to Conway and return, paid $1.89 with overtime after nine hours.

The parlor shack was called a "flagman" and drew ten cents per day more than the fellow on the smoky end. You had to pass an examination, if you were an ordinary brakeman, before you could qualify as flagman; but before you could even take the exam you generally had to show at least two years' seniority. When both brakemen were promoted flagmen the senior man rode the buggy.

Seventy-five dollars a month of thirty-one days was about tops in earnings for brakemen. The usual amount paid to regularly assigned men was 65 bucks or less. After shelling out for your room rent, your meal tickets, your laundry, your Brotherhood dues, and the monthly instalment on your seventeen-jewel ticker, you sometimes were able to buy as many as three drinks on pay day. Conductors and enginemen drew about 25 dollars more per month than the brakemen and firemen, so it is easy to see why all old-time railroaders died rich.

Considerably less than 50 percent of the Pennsy's rolling stock was equipped with airbrakes in the year 1902. The yard crews, making up trains, simply switched the cars into station order, and the road crew usually had to make a few passes to get some cars of air on the head end.

Preferred jobs on the "Fort Wayne" were the through-run crews that handled stock and manifest freight between Crestline and Allegheny, a distance of 189 miles. These were hotshots and really got over the road, as the dispatchers put all the drags in the hole for them.

STOCK trains coming into Allegheny were required to have all horses on the head end, and that is where such cars were placed—at Crestline, 189 miles away. Horses were usually loaded in Street's Western Stable Car or in Doud Stock Car Co. equipment with neither airbrakes nor train pipe and hose. Road crews would pull out of Crestline with such a train, stop at the first siding they came to, switch the horses next to the caboose, and thus avoid braking a hotshot over a hilly division by hand.

Somewhere along the river between Conway and Allegheny, the operation would be reversed. Eventually the nags would roll into town on the head end as per instructions, and the yard crews would be saved a switch.

The head shack had to herd the machinery from the roundhouse to the train yard, while the flagman had to lug all his supplies from the storeroom to the caboose track on his own time. Train crews coupled and inspected their own air, if any, replacing any missing hoses or gaskets by the simple process of stealing a duplicate off another car. Thirty minutes' preparatory time was allowed for these chores, but crews were usually from thirty minutes to two hours late in getting out of the initial yard. As no terminal overtime was paid, nobody seemed to care. The conductors were not even required to make out a delay report.

Wrecks on all roads were frequent and disastrous. Passenger equipment was still built of wood, and coaches were heated by coal stoves; so that when one of those trains went into the ditch it was pretty near a cinch to burst into flames like a Roman candle. Freight wrecks also burned with great enthusiasm. Grisly tales were told of trainmen being pinned fast under piles of shattered equipment and slowly roasted alive.

When a smashup occurred, the wrecking crew was summoned by a series of mournful blasts on the big shop whistle—five if the wreck was on the west end of the road and four if to the east. The callboys would hurriedly round up a train crew, grabbing members of the crew that stood first out if possible but taking the first men handy when necessary.

Very few people had telephones in those days, but the full details of any serious accident would be known all over town in an incredibly short time. If a family man was killed or injured, the neighbor women would swarm around his home to offer aid and sympathy to the stricken wife, in many cases even before the "big hook" had got out of town.

I'll never forget some of the disasters that occurred where I was working. For instance, in 1903 a car of gasoline was exploded by a car inspector's lamp in the Panhandle yards at Sheridan, Pa. The blazing fluid burned nearly all the cars in the yard and half the little town before the fire was brought under control. Then in 1904 a carload of high explosive let go in Crestline yard and blew a hole in the ground the full width of eleven tracks and about twice as long. Windows were shattered at a distance of six miles or more, and 155 cars were totally destroyed while at least 500 others had to be shopped for repairs.

But let us get back to the job of braking that I held in the spring of 1903. Notwithstanding the Pennsy policy of refusing to take on experienced men, I believe fully 50 percent of the brakemen hired at that time were boomers who were smart enough to "hoosier up" on the unsuspecting trainmasters.

I knew one fellow who was forty years of age, bald as a duck egg, and just released from the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus. He was hired as a brakeman out of Alliance after convincing the trainlets that he was an unsophisticated lad of 24 who'd never worked anywhere but on his father's farm.

IN THE SPRING of 1903 I quit the Fort Wayne, rode to Cleveland on my Trainmen's card—my first free ride in a caboose—and shipped as a seaman on the ore freighter *Mataafa,* one of the earliest boats to go through the Soo Canal that year. I walked ashore in Duluth and applied for a job braking on the Duluth, Missabe & Northern. I had left the Pennsy without a service letter, and the Missabe was rather fussy about the calibre of the men they put to work, but I managed to outtalk the trainmaster and land a job.

They put me to work riding ore drags from Proctor to the Missabe dock where the ships were loaded. For the first time in my life I worked with equipment that was 100 percent airbraked. This was a hill job, retainers were used, and every brakeman carried a full-grown pick handle, for the crews on that hill took no chances. If an ore drag ever got away, there was only one place for it to wind up—off the deep end of the dock in the icy waters of Lake Superior.

Along with the book of rules, switch key, lantern, and brake club issued to

newly hired shacks, I was given an air-brake instruction book. About all I knew about air, up to that time, was how to replace a busted hose, put in a new gasket, or cut out a brake that wasn't functioning properly. I studied that little old book to such purpose that in later years I was able to pose as an authority on air-brakes on other roads.

The Missabe job was about the highest paid in the U.S. in those days. I don't remember the rate per trip, but I drew at least $125 for a month's work until fall. This was strictly a summertime job, as the mines shut down as soon as the first freeze-up came and the ore boats tied up for the winter.

I made only a few trips up to the mines of Minnesota around Hibbing, Virginia, and Evelyth and I found they were unlike any other mines I had heard about. They were "open cut" propositions, the ore being gouged out by steam shovels. The spotting of cars for loading was done by saddle-tanked dinkies that rated only one brakeman apiece. These shacks were employed by the mines, not by the railroad. I don't recall what they were paid, except that it was more than the standard rate for switchmen.

I was one of the last brakemen paid off that fall. The unpardonable sin, in the eyes of Missabe officials, was violation of rule G, the rule against drinking while on duty. So, not wishing to get canned before the season ended, I had been "on the wagon" all summer. The night of the final payoff a bunch of us gathered in the Peerless Bar. We were all long-stake men and most of us hadn't tilted a bottle since spring. But here was an occasion that seemed to call for celebration. We started buying red-eye for one another in little groups, and presently someone suggested that we all shake dice for drinks for the house.

One gent named Buck Sheidler, who got stuck twice in a row, proposed that we roll the bones for a half-dozen bottles of champagne. We did, and he lost again. To make a long story short, that crazy bunch of boomers drank up six cases of champagne, all there was in the joint. You were given a glass of wine if you won, but it cost 36 bucks if you got stuck.

After we had sobered up, Park Arnold, Dave Peavey, Ben Salisbury and I left for Chicago, to which point the DM&N gave us transportation. Arnold and Peavy stayed in Chi, while Salisbury got a job on the Illinois Central down at Memphis. I bought a first-cabin ticket for New Orleans on the river steamer *Spread Eagle.* After a short season of gayety in picturesque old New Orleans, I wound up in Biloxi, Miss., which sleepy little burg I reached via the old Gulfport & Eastern (now part of the Southern Pacific System).

The fishing was excellent, there were plenty of wild ducks to be had, and you could rent a comfortably furnished shanty for six dollars per month. An old Negro ran a little joint on the bay end of an abandoned pier. He'd sell a big bottle of beer for a thin dime, and for ten cents more he'd open all the oysters that a hungry man could get away with. The oysters didn't cost him anything, the reason being that his pier was built over an oyster bed and all he had to do was lift up a loose plank and get busy with the tongs. The dime was velvet.

I loafed and fished there until the wild ducks and geese began to fly north in the spring. I still had some money, because I had quit the Missabe well heeled and hadn't been stuck in that idiotic dice game. Since I had a good service letter showing mountain experience, I headed for Salida, Colo., where I hired out as brakeman on the Denver & Rio Grande, running between Salida and Minturn over the famous Tennessee Pass.

SALIDA was a freak yard in the sense that every track had three rails on account of the narrow-gage equipment handled there, and every D&RG switch engine had an auxiliary drawbar for coupling onto the slim-gage cars. Braking over Tennessee Pass in those days was strictly a pick-handle proposition. The freight equipment was at least 50 percent "jacks," or non-air. Yard crews gave you what air there was on the head end, and you had to depend on a strong back and a four-foot club for the rest.

It took three engines to boost 30 cars over the hill, and the head brakeman got ten miles for turning one of them on the wye when the summit was reached. This was the first job I ever worked where time was figured on a mileage basis. It took an expert accountant to keep track of a brakeman's time. There was added mileage for turning helpers and for herding engines at terminals, as well as terminal overtime for delays in getting out of, or into, a yard.

Many people, even some railroaders who're not familiar with mountain work, believe that trains are handled at high speeds on descending grades. This is not the case. The first rule of mountain railroading is, "Never take a chance." Retainers are always used, and in the days I am talking about, plenty of hand brakes were needed. Stops are made at designated spots, about every five miles, where the train is carefully inspected to see that none of the wheels are getting too hot. While running, the trainmen must watch out for brakes that set up too tight after the shoes become heated and thus slide the wheels.

The engine is never cut off unless absolutely necessary and then the entire train must be "tied down," as the air cannot be depended upon to hold a train very long, even nowadays. When cars are set out, the hand brakes must be set and the wheels locked. This is important, because loading or unloading the car sometimes causes the brakes to loosen and the car might roll out to foul the main line.

We used to have trouble when the outside brake-beams swung around so as to rub against the sides instead of the tread of the wheel. When this happened at night, the sparks created an effect like an emery-wheel in action.

I worked at Salida about seven months and was never in a wreck or a runaway, although several smashups occurred while I was there. The only time I was ever in a runaway on a mountain was on Sherman Hill on the Union Pacific in February of 1916.

Many conductors on the Salida Division required their brakemen to "ride out" on that hill, although no hand brakes were used except in emergencies, and subzero weather in winter was the rule, not the exception. My conductor, Jimmy Douglas, a veteran mountain railroader, held that the proper place for a brakeman on a descending steep grade was in the caboose or engine cab. It was easier, he held, to watch a train from either of these points than from a boxcar roof. When a shower of sparks indicated that a brake was sticking, it was a simple matter for the head man to drop off and turn down the retainer or bleed the release valve.

ONE day the regular hind man had laid off and I was holding down the buggy. An extra brakeman, supposedly qualified for mountain work, sat in on the pointed end. At the top of the hill we stopped, made the routine brake test, and turned up all retainers. Pulling out, Jimmy Douglas and I caught the hack and took our accustomed positions, the conductor on the seat opposite the stove with his head out the side window, and myself in the cupola where I could watch the air gage and keep an eye on the other side of the train.

Shortly after tipping over the hill the engineer made what I judged to be a ten-pound reduction, and then another of the same. We could feel the brakes taking hold. I stuck my head out the window to squint at the train as we rounded a curve,

and when I drew back and glanced at the air gage I saw the needle pointing at zero. I simply fell out of the cupola, grabbing mittens and a brake club.

"That hogger has lost his air!" I bellowed as I made for the front door.

Jimmy was a little guy but a fast mover. As I swarmed up the ladder at no mean speed to the deck of the rear car, he was right on my heels. I reached for the first brake and Jimmy raced for the one on the car ahead. The engineer gave just one toot for brakes, and then I guess he looked back and saw that we knew the score, and turned his attention to his own job.

Jimmy and I were in our shirt sleeves, with no cumbersome clothing to hamper our movements, and we set brakes about as fast as two men ever did. A short level spot about two miles down the line was a regular inspection point. If we could get 'em stopped on that little flat, we were O.K. If we didn't—well, it was a cinch that we'd either wind up in the ditch or roll right on into Cheyenne.

I was swinging every ounce of meat in my carcass on those brakes, and as I raced from car to car I could see both the hogger and the tallow pot out on the running board frantically trying to get the air pump going.

You are probably wondering where our head man was all this time. So were we. He was a "book of rules" boy and knew that brakemen were supposed to be out on the train while descending grades. As we pulled away from the summit, he picked out the only low car in the train, a gon loaded with machinery about four cars back, selected a spot where he would be sheltered from the full force of the icy wind, and made himself as comfortable as possible.

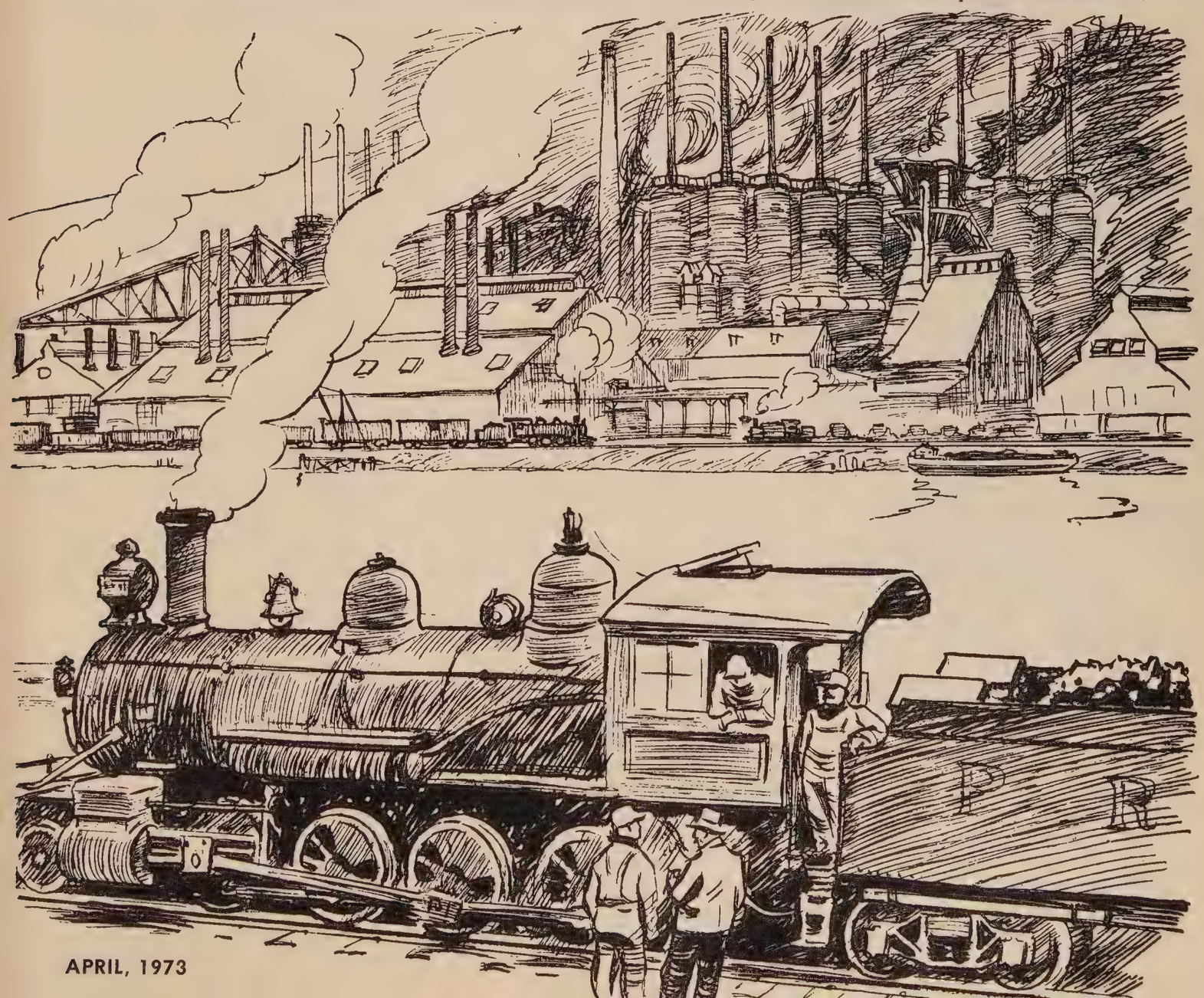
With a heavy Scotch cap pulled down over his neck and a sheepskin collar turned up on the outside of that, his ears were pretty well soundproofed, so that he never heard our hogger's one little chirp for help. The conductor and I had set brakes clear over to the car he was riding on, before he woke up to the fact that he was in a runaway.

Having done about all I could and knowing that another drag had been set to follow us down the hill, I dropped off, caught the caboose, grabbed a banner, and raced to the rear. The throttle-jerker on the following freight was looking for me and answered my first swing.

Turning back now toward my own train, I could see that we had got 'em stopped and the danger was over. I suddenly realized that I was in my shirt sleeves, with the thermometer standing at about 20 below and a Wyoming zephyr blowing through my clothes like they were made of mosquito netting.

In this case a crew had lost control of a train but had stopped the runaway without accident by the use of hand brakes and the hogger "plugging" his engine at the right moment despite the risk of blowing a cylinder head. As far as any help from the head brakeman was concerned, he might as well have stayed in Laramie.

"They put me to work riding ore drags from Proctor to the Missabe Dock, where the ships were loaded. It was all part of a boomer's life."



"For a while I worked on a Shay-geared engine at a camp in the State of Washington."

Jimmy Douglas not only told him so, in rather forceful language, but "turned him in" for incompetence.

This barred the said brakeman from any calls for trips to Cheyenne or Laramie and restricted him to the Kaypee Division where the track was level—which discipline the brother resented keenly. His argument was that he had been in the proper place on that train and could prove it by the Union Pacific book of rules. He cited the fact that the engineer had emitted only one squawk for brakes, and said he'd probably have heard the signal if it had been repeated, and he placed his case in the hands of the griever (Brotherhood representative).

Jimmy argued that if the culprit had been in the cab he would have known about the air-pump failure when it happened, just as we of the rear guard had known by a glance at the air-gage. The other Deepee Division conductors refused to take out the accused man on their runs, and the Order of Railway Conductors backed them up, claiming there was nothing in the contract to compel a conductor to work with an incompetent brakeman. They were still shooting it out when I left. I never did hear what finally happened.

IT HAS been a long time since I was on a hill job and I don't know whether the brothers ride outside or inside nowadays; but this incident convinced me that the archaic rule requiring brakemen to "decorate" while descending grades or approaching railroad crossings at grade or interlocking plants or yard-limit boards, etc., should be erased from the book.

The Southern Pacific goes the standard book of rules one better by stating that "during stormy or inclement weather the conductor may permit" the brakeman to ride inside except at points designated in the preceding paragraph. A strict interpretation of that rule would back the conductor up if he ordered the shacks to roost on the roofs during the entire trip.

And now we'll get back to Salida after this dissertation on mountain railroading, for that is where I was working in the fall of 1903 when I decided to quit before the weather got any colder or the snow any deeper. I had learned to play a guitar in my boyhood days and while I was in Salida I bought a "box" and did a bit of practicing. I had a fairly decent singing voice and soon learned to strum an accompaniment to my vocal efforts.

It didn't take me long to discover that this was a valuable accomplishment. I could not only "win friends and influence people" when I landed on a new job in a strange town but I also had a universal meal ticket. Other boomers might spend hours in locating a charitable brother or a guy who carried a B.R.T. pie-card before they could "put on the nose-bag," but I could drop off a train in almost any town, head into the nearest saloon, and start working for money as soon as I got my face washed.

Thus I dodged the boomer's great bugaboo, the fear of going broke and staying that way until he was too ragged, dirty, and frowsy to face a trainmaster. Thus I went merrily on my way, keeping shirt clean, my pants creased, my stomach comfortably filled, and a bit of silver jingling in my pockets at all times. That is to say, *almost* all times.

In those days theaters were scarce outside the cities, especially in the West; while radio and motion pictures had not yet been invented, or at least had not been popularized. A competent entertainer was welcomed with open arms in any cowtown, sawmill burg, steamboat loading, mining camp, or division point west of Denver. In the eastern states the "busker" faced a little stiffer competition, but the formula still held good.

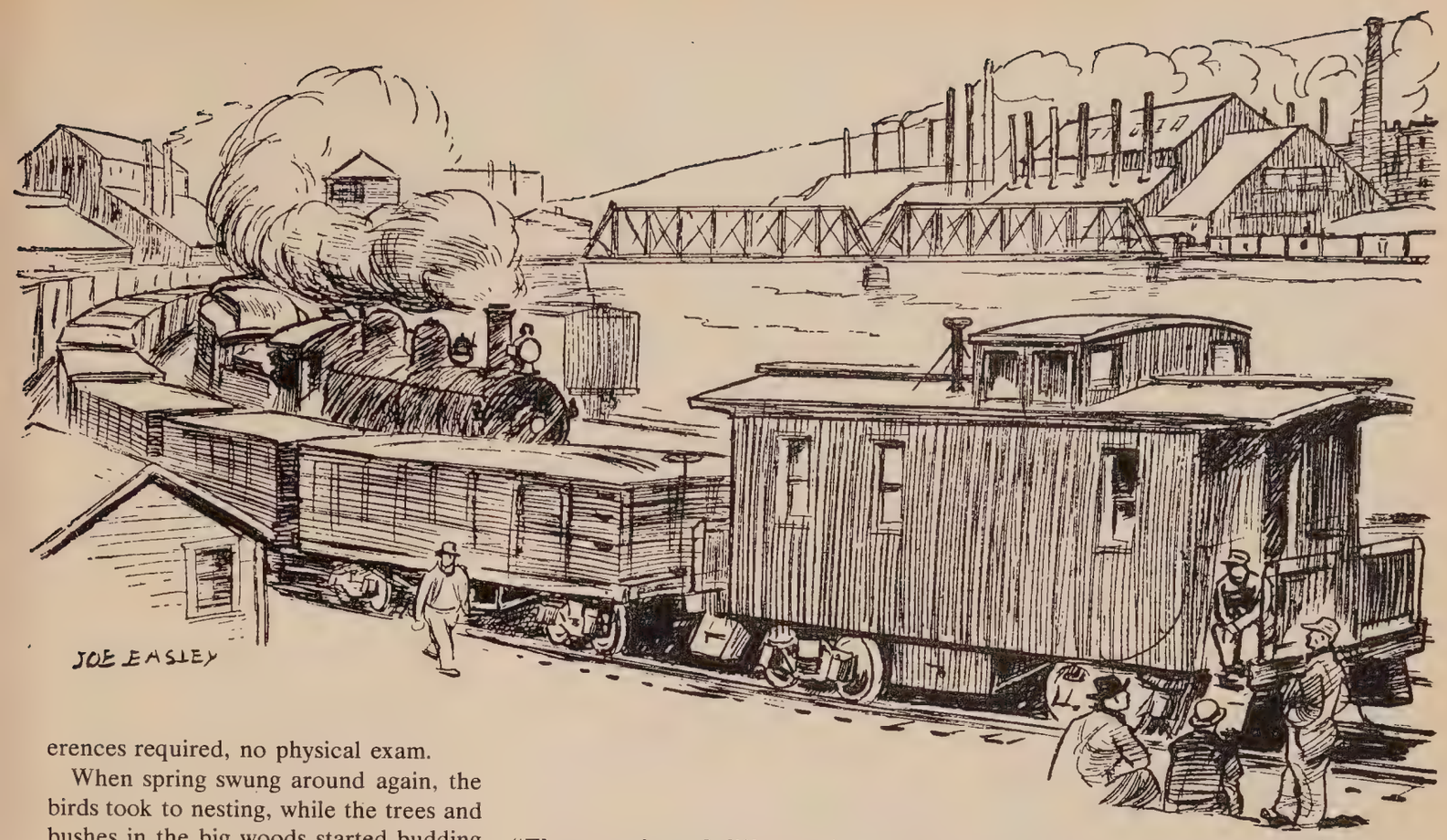
My life was that of Riley but for one serious drawback. An entertainer working in a saloon was almost compelled to drink with the customers; the proprietor was liable to resent anyone taking too many "shingles off the roof." So at frequent intervals I had to go back to railroading or some other occupation to keep from becoming a confirmed alcoholic.

For a while that winter I worked on a Shay-geared engine at a logging camp in Washington and spent some time around Seattle with a chap named Jack Evans who owned a small cabin sloop in which we were very snug and cozy while it rained—and it did rain plenty in true Puget Sound fashion.

There were railroad jobs galore in the Northwest, the crews made good money, and living was incredibly cheap, judged by modern prices. Delicious fish sold in the markets for two or three cents per pound, while meat, except for the choicest cuts, cost only a trifle more.

Wages for common labor were 30 to 35 cents per hour, stevedores drew 65 cents, and mechanics got from five dollars per day up. Rents were a bit higher than in the East, but most of the houses were of recent construction and in tiptop shape.

ALTHOUGH the confession may disillusion present-day railfans, candor compels me to admit that I much preferred plunking a guitar in a warm, dry gin mill to switching snow-covered boxcars in hip boots and a slicker. So all that winter I took care not to go near a trainmaster's office for fear I would be snared and put to work. Jobs, as I have said, were easy to obtain. All kinds of positions on logging roads were listed on the blackboards of the employment offices; no ref-



"There wasn't much difference between switching jobs in various parts of the country."

erences required, no physical exam.

When spring swung around again, the birds took to nesting, while the trees and bushes in the big woods started budding and blossoming. I got that itching of the feet that every boomer knows and looks back upon wistfully, and I boarded the season's first boat to Alaska. There I spent a pleasant summer, living upon my talents as a troubador rather than upon my knowledge of herding freight cars. When fall came once more, the old iron trail drew me back like a magnet and I drifted over to a switching job at Tucson, Arizona.

Between that and another yard job in Pueblo, Colo., I passed the time until the spring of 1904 and the opening of the St. Louis World's Fair. Boomers had very little trouble riding on their cards in the West in those days. Possession of up-to-date union membership receipts was about equivalent to having a pass on a lot of roads.

The D&RGW was easy to ride; so was the UP. The "Mop" between Pueblo and Kaysee had a fine bunch of passenger conductors who were pretty hard to beat for a cordial attitude toward the worthy brothers. Jim Hill's pikes, the Great Northern Pacific, also were okay, as was most of the Espee; but boomers did not ride the cushions. However, manifest trains made good time, and half the freights on the road seemed to be hauling a couple of free passengers in the dog-house (caboose).

I regret to say that the Santa Fe was mostly bad medicine for the traveling boomers; we had to make shift at riding car tops along with the bums. Another road in that class was the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. The smart boomer provided himself with a couple of newspapers before grabbing a rattler on the LS&MS. But then most of the roads in the East were like that, the Pennsy in particular.

Getting back to my story: Kansas City, through which I passed enroute to St. Louis and where I had a lot of pals, was a rendezvous for boomers and was good for a job at almost any time of the year. After leisurely taking in the sights of the Exposition, I decided to do a little work for a change. I hired out as switchman on the Wiggins Transfer, which handled trains over the great Eads Bridge; and, as I had hoped, was assigned to the eastbound engine.

This was supposed to be about the "hottest" switching job in the country. Nobody stayed on it more than a few days—nobody, that is, except the foreman and a couple of star field men. The general yardmaster was a ruddy-faced Mick who paid scant attention to service letters. If the applicant looked and talked like a car-hand, he went to work; otherwise not, as the Eads Bridge was certainly no spot for a greenhorn.

The crew consisted of foreman, three field men, and two pin-pullers, the latter talent working in thirty-minute relays. One fellow was always sitting on the bench while his side-kick snatched the rivets, and there was no refreshing pause on this engine while the foreman chalked the next string.

No signals or instructions were given the pin-pullers. All cars were carded and he was supposed to have sense enough to know where the cuts were without being supplied with a blueprint. Plenty of jobs were worked just like that, but about all that a new man had to do was cut 'em every time he saw a card of a different color or shape—he'd find that he was right about 97 percent of the time, and that's close enough.

The lead was fast, which meant that it had a gentle slope so that the cars rolled easy. It was generally possible to double-pin the cuts—that is, you pulled the first pin and if it stayed up, you dropped back and waited until the engineer snapped the slack out of them; then you caught the second pin on the rebound. Thus we would often have four or five cuts rolling at the same time. The field men did not hesitate to "Wabash" or corner a car that didn't quite clear.

I HELD this job down for something like ten nights, just to be able to say that I had "worked the Wiggins," but in my estimation it was a hell of a long way from being the toughest job in the country.

The eastbound engine on the Chicago Junction Railway that batted out most of

the refrigerator cars from the Chicago stockyard was just as fast, and had only one pin-puller. And the Baltimore & Ohio had an engine in the South Chicago yard that made up seven or eight manifest trains between 7 p.m. and 11:30, at which latter time the last hotshot was supposed to be ready to roll and the yard crew was permitted to go home with a full night's pay to their credit.

I never got near this latter job, which was a preferred berth on account of the early quitting time. But on two or three occasions I did sit on a bench in front of the switch shanty and watch the brothers do their stuff. Every man moved at a run and they were stripped down to shirt sleeves, although the weather was cold enough for an overcoat.

A year or two later a new general yardmaster took charge. He could see no reason for this crew not doing a few chores after the hotshots had been attended to. So he started working them all night, and they retaliated by adopting an "all-night gait." Before long they were still devoting their efforts to making up those "expedite" trains, but it was now taking them twice as much time to do it; and the last one, instead of pulling out before midnight, was leaving around 5:30 a.m.

Those hot switching jobs are, to the best of my knowledge, a thing of the past. Severe penalties for damage to cars and equipment, strict enforcement of safety appliance laws, and abolition of the good old custom of "working for spot" have slowed the brothers down. The result is reflected very favorably in the matter of personal injury and disciplinary records, as well as in fewer "bad order" tags.

There were still some hot spots here and there up to the time of the outlaw strike of 1920. The North Yard lead in the Oregon Short Line yards at Salt Lake City was about as fast a place to shake out a cut of cars as any highball car-hand could ask for. And the outbound engine at Bay Shore in the San Francisco yards of the Espee would give the most ambitious pin-puller a real workout.

All in all, there wasn't much difference between switching jobs in various parts of the country. From Chicago west, engine foremen gave instructions to their helpers largely by signals—the unofficial and almost universal code that I had learned as a kid.

The sign language is very handy around a railroad. With a few motions of the hands you could order a guy standing at a considerable distance to "cut off two behind the four cars of stock and bring 'em back down the main line." You could tell a helper to "put the engine under the water spout and go to lunch."

Lamp signals are not quite as comprehensive, being confined to numerals, pull, cut off, and spot, but shortly after the turn of the century none of these signals were in general use very far east of Chicago. Engines everywhere seemed to do about the same amount of work, but foremen in the East did it largely by running and hollering.

ONE PLACE where I wanted to work, especially in winter time, but never connected with was the Deep South. I was raised in Knoxville, Tenn.; but the closest I ever came was a job switching for the Illinois Central in Memphis. An old friend who had been made general yardmaster put me to work in charge of an engine. There were supposed to be two white switchmen on each goat, the foreman and one helper, the other helper being black.

This was the theory. In actual practice, a foreman frequently found himself with two Negro helpers—and, brother, they were car-hands! I have never seen railroaders who could equal them in agility and surefooted bodily movement.

I had one black helper named Will Paul. He was with me all the time I was there, and worked on the footboard with me for nearly two months before I learned that he could neither read nor write. Sometimes I would say to him: "Will, take the engine and go down on track five. Bring out Michigan Central 45073," or whatever the number happened to be.

"Cap'n," he'd reply, "I'm liable to forget that. Won't you mark it down on a piece of paper?"

Thereupon I would scribble the number on a scrap of paper, and Will would bring out the car.

One night, leaving North Yard for Nonconta Junction, we were handed a "19" order giving us time on a passenger train. I read the flimsy and handed it to Will. A little later I noticed that he was going through the motions of reading but he had the tissue front side down! He finally admitted, after a lot of questioning and squirming, that he couldn't read. If you gave him a car number written on a piece of paper he'd hunt till he found one that looked like the picture.

In those days the Illinois Central used black firemen and head brakemen between Paducah, Ky., and Memphis, Tenn.; while the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley from Memphis to New Orleans had no white brakemen or firemen at all.

In 1909, while I was working in Memphis, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and the Firemen's organization fought it out with the company over the rate of pay. The Brotherhoods insisted, with a fine sense of justice, that Negroes be paid the same as white men for the same kind of work. The IC management wanted to keep on paying colored railroaders 20 percent less, not primarily because of race prejudice but in order to chisel down on the payroll. After a lot of wrangling, organized labor won its point. Naturally, the B.R.T. and the Firemen's Brotherhood stood "first out" with black railroaders for a long time afterward.

Meanwhile, in 1904, the big boom was still on. Congestion on the railroads was worse, if anything, despite the constant adding of new trackage and the building of bigger power. Just about this time the Pennsy Lines West borrowed a flock of locomotives from the Nacional de Mexico, and it sure looked funny to see that lettering on hogs pulling trains around Pittsburgh. Even the locomotives were boomers.

These 'gines had "inspirators" instead of injectors and most of them had been so thoroughly alkalied that it was almost impossible to keep them from foaming. And "master maniacs" in the East apparently had never heard of boiler compound. Out West the boys on the smoky end were used to firing with real estate like Jim Hill's famous lignite—they could make steam out of anything that could be pumped into a water tank—but the pampered easterners had to have real coal and water pure enough to drink.

RAILROADERS weren't the only boomers in those days. The hobo jungles and the boxcars swarmed with men of other occupations—yes, women and children, too. Plenty of work could be had in those industrial years, but labor was inadequately organized and the cost of living skyrocketed. Meanwhile, alien immigrants kept pouring into the country. The flood gates were opened; all of Europe was horning in on America's boom.

Boarding trains in the Land of the Free, these immigrants looked instinctively for a third-class section and moved into the smoker as the nearest approach to it. Their cheap paper valises, their tin trunks, and unwieldy bundles overflowed into the aisles; they munched their travel rations of bread, sausage, and raw onions. Dumbly they exhibited their tickets to anyone in uniform.

All of these humble toilers were boomers, even though they had never even heard the word. The fare from New York to any Italian port was $25 steerage. Thousands of Italian laborers slaved on construction jobs and railroad extra gangs every summer, hoarding every possible nickel of their earnings.

Is it any wonder that I, and thousands like me, drifted and wandered from job to job all of our lives, following no plan and making no pattern? Late in 1904 I broke on the New Cumberland branch of the Panhandle, which job I quit in favor of a yard job at Conway, Pa., only a few miles away.

Conway had about the biggest railroad yard in the country at that time and, if I remember correctly, held something like 12,000 cars. It still wasn't big enough, though, and the Pennsy was adding more track room as rapidly as possible. Approximately 500 yard men were employed and there were 47 road crews in the "pool," in addition to the work train and local crews. Also, crews were running into Conway from at least eight other railroads, all belonging to the Pennsylvania Lines.

The east end of Conway yard was at Baden, and there was 22 miles of four-track main line between Baden and Jack's Run at the west end of Allegheny yard. From 1902 until the brakes were applied to the wheels of industry by the panic of 1907, there never was a time when Conway yard had track room enough to receive one-third of the freight trains that were already out of Allegheny yard!

Crews leaving Conway for yards in the Pittsburgh area were often on overtime even before they left the yard—which meant that it took more than nine hours to get a train out of the initial terminal. There were two water-plugs in this 22 miles, and every engine left Pittsburgh on the return trip with a full tank and all the coal that could be stacked on her tender. But so slowly did freight move along the river that an engine, in charge of a herder, stood by at Baden at all times to drag in those which had run out of fuel or water and had been compelled to "kill" their fires.

The track followed the Ohio River pretty closely, and in summer many of us would go for a swim occasionally or throw out a fish line to pass the time. At night we all bedded down, the head brakeman of each crew asleep in the caboose of the train ahead of his own, and the guy first out at Baden was spread out on the floor of the tower.

When Conway yard crews managed to clear a couple of tracks, the tower was notified and the operator kicked the sleeping brakie in the pants. The brakie awoke his engine crew, and the whole stream of stalled freight would then start a sluggish crawl that brought each drag a couple of train-lengths nearer the terminal.

This was known as the "Pittsburgh Blockade," one of the greatest in railroad history, and it certainly was a soft touch for the train crews. Conductors and engineers who lived at Conway were known to grab an accommodation train, spend the night with their families, and rejoin the crew next morning without officialdom being any the wiser!

THE WHOLE jam was caused by the traffic of half a continent trying to squeeze itself through a narrow bottleneck of roads owned by the Pennsy. It was during this period that the Gould interests were fighting to extend the Wabash into the Pittsburgh area. The two systems fought one of the bitterest battles in railroad history, with plenty of drama and skullduggery.

Switching in Conway was done over three humps, two westbound and one eastbound. There were also plenty of "flat" jobs, but the westbound humps were the vital spots, not only of the yard but of the whole system. Practically every applicant for a job braking was hired, and no extra man ever was sent home. After the flat jobs had been filled, the remaining extra men were distributed among the three hump crews. Number One, on the westbound side rated 15 riders, but there were seldom less than 25 and I have seen as high as 40 riders swinging pick handles on "the big pimple."

I rode that hump many nights and saw more equipment smashed up on that one job than a lot of railroads owned altogether. The chief trouble was that of inexperienced men. We who had some idea of how the stunt should be done tried to keep bunched as much as possible, as the greenhorns were dangerous not only to themselves but to everybody else as well. If you followed one of them down the hill you had to watch that he didn't get panicky, pinch his cut down, and allow you to slam into him without warning.

On the other hand, if you were in the lead and got an "easy" signal from a switchtender, your follower might not see it and reduce speed. Whereupon he'd hit your cut from behind with enough force to knock the boxcars clear out from under you.

By watching closely for signals from the switch tenders and paying close attention to the gent who was leading and following, an experienced man could keep pretty much out of trouble. But the poor farm boys used to ram into one another until half a dozen cuts were stalled on the lead, creating a "jackpot" that it would take the trimmer engine half an hour to straighten out.

I REGRET to say that a lot of men were killed and crippled on those humps, and personal injuries were commonplace. Ninety percent of these were due to the inexperience of the injured man or a fellow employe, and could have been eliminated by a course of training or the use of experienced carhands. The veterans on these jobs broke up about as much equipment as the hoosiers did, but you didn't have to dig 'em out from under it when the dust had settled.

I broke on the Fort Wayne, the Panhandle, the Nickel Plate, the Wabash, the B&O, the Great Northern, the Milwaukee, the D&RG, the UP, the Espee, the Canadian Pacific and a flock of other roads east and west. I was once damphool enough to take a job firing on the Baltimore & Ohio between Newark and Chicago Jct. It lasted about four round trips. In fact, I didn't even finish the last trip.

I had been to a keg party the night before and was awakened by the caller after about an hour's sleep, arising with a head like a balloon and a tongue that felt like a bath towel. We drew a Mother Hubbard type engine, one of those pigs with a cab that straddles the boiler where the throttle-jerker and the head brakeman loll at ease. The tallowpot (fireman) is relegated to a sort of shed back where an engine cab ought to be located, with no companionship but the water-glass and an admonitory steam gage.

It was midsummer. I was nicely spotted between the firebox door and the beaming rays of the sun—I don't know which side of me was hotter. We were toiling up a little grade and, as I leaned out the gangway for a breath of air, I spied a creek meandering through a pasture field alongside the tract. There were cool deep pools shaded by willows and sycamore trees.

My head was aching and I had drunk so much water that I was getting sick at the stomach. The creek swam into my vision like a flash of divine inspiration. I grabbed my trusty scoop and started bailing coal like a madman. When I figured I had tossed enough in the firebox to take her over the hump, I tossed the scoop in after the coal, slammed the firebox door shut, grabbed my grip out of the seatbox and unloaded. I had my clothes off and was wallowing in that cool stream before the caboose came along.

Late that afternoon I threw my overalls away, donned street clothes, and hiked a few miles across country to an electric line that ran into Columbus. Meanwhile, I don't know how far the brothers got before they ran out of steam and started looking for their missing stoker.

This was about the dirtiest trick I ever played on a railroad company, and I hope the B&O will accept a belated apology.

It took me about six months to get up nerve enough to write and ask them to forward to Chicago what money I had coming. This they did, without comment, although I had to establish my identity pretty thoroughly before they sent the check.

As for switching jobs, I worked on plenty of them, too. I rode the Kinsman Street hump and worked on a drag engine hauling ore and coal on Newburgh Hill on the C&P at Cleveland. I was showing up on the Espee in San Francisco when the fire and earthquake laid the city in ruins, and I was working for the same road at the newly created division point of Sparks, Nevada, when the famous "beer war" of 1907 nearly disrupted the Sagebrush State.

BEER had always sold all over Nevada for 15 cents per glass, or two for a quarter, and the glasses were not large. Then one day two big breweries got into a price war. Inside of a month the thirsty populace was being regaled with huge schooners of foaming suds at two for a nickel. A five-cent piece would buy you a bottle of a famous St. Louis brand that had never before sold anywhere west of Denver for less than two bits.

The year 1907 was tough on boomer rails. Currency disappeared almost overnight. Factories, mills, and business firms in general started a frenzied cancellation of orders that had two-thirds of the country at a standstill within two months. Steel plants with advance orders that would have kept them running for a year or more suddenly found themselves with no orders at all and promptly shut down.

Railroads, unable to supply shippers with sufficient cars for years, suddenly found themselves buried under cars—all empty. Half the passing tracks were filled with idle equipment and there were more engines white-leaded than there were pulling trains.

A lot of home guards that year found themselves suddenly and unintentionally on the tramp. Men with three, four, and five years' seniority were wandering around carrying letters certifying that they had been "furloughed" or "dismissed on account of reduction in force." Their hard-earned seniority wasn't of much use when they found themselves sleeping in the sandhouse and trying to mooch enough dough to keep from going delinquent in Lodge dues.

The hard-boiled, resourceful boomers had all the best of it in times like these. They could ride, whether "up to date" or not. And, most important of all, they knew where jobs were likely to show up, and were "Johnny at the rat-hole" when they did.

Also—and this is significant, today, yesterday or any other time—they could keep themselves looking fairly neat and clean even when rooming in a boxcar and using newspapers for blankets. Furthermore, their wide acquaintances made certain their chances of occasionally meeting an old pal. It was a cinch that some of the buddies would be working; and the boomer would be invited to have his suit cleaned, his hat blocked, or his shoes half-soled, as well as being turned loose with the old pal's pie-card.

The uprooted home guard was not likely to have many friends scattered around the country. The better home he had left, the frowsier he was likely to be when he had been a month or so away from it.

But the panic of 1907 was only a temporary setback. The country was basically sound. Before much more than a year had passed, railroads were reinstating furloughed men, and by 1909 jobs were about as plentiful as ever.

I hit the Chicago district about November 10th of that year and went to work on a hump job for the Indiana Harbor Belt at Gibson. The job was worked about the same as any other hump job, except that a tail light was hung on the rear car on each track so the rider could know how much room he had. All cuts were "ridden to a joint" and the tail light moved back by the rider after he had stopped his cut. This did away with a lot of damaged equipment and made the job much safer than humps in many other yards.

"I hit the Chicago district in November of that year (1909) and went to work on a hump job for the Indiana Harbor Belt at Gibson. One day a carload of whiskey got smashed up!"

ONE NIGHT toward the end of the month, a car of whisky got away from a rider and smashed up, scattering cases of real bonded liquor all over the yard. The big hook (wrecker) was ordered out immediately, but before it arrived nearly everybody in the night yard was pie-eyed, including the bulls. Soon practically every engine was "on the spot" and business at taking a holiday. The general yardmaster, summoned by phone, fired just about everybody in sight and sent most of the engines to the house.

The railroad Y at Gibson discouraged the presence and patronage of switchmen, which may give you an idea of our social standing. The pie-card "sign up" was in the hands of the Chicago Boarding Car Company, which had built a restaurant and a roominghouse known as the "Crumb Palace," where we pariahs were fed and sheltered.

We stuck around for a day or two after being fired, as the weather had turned extremely cold and the papers were full of a threatened walkout of yardmen on the Jim Hill roads. The night of November 30th brought both the expected snowstorm and the strike. We woke up in the morning to find the papers full of scare-

head stories about the tie-up and the air full of snow.

About mid-morning a rotary clanked past on the Michigan Central, and toward evening an emissary from the general yardmaster arrived and intimated that if we would consider going back to work, the incident of the booze car would be conveniently forgotten. Some of the brothers turned out, but the rest of us said we had been fired and proposed to stay that way, at least until it quit snowing.

I moved downtown and found the city authorities ransacking the cheap lodging-houses every night for men to shovel snow in an effort to keep the streets clear, especially around the Loop. The surface traffic was all horse-drawn. Little attempt was made to clear anything but the street-car tracks, except in the Loop district; and the resulting snarl was like something out of a scenario written by a crackpot.

Teamsters had no place to drive except on the rails and could not get out of the way except by pulling over onto the other track. In many areas, snow was piled between the car tracks and the curb higher than a man's head.

All through December the streets near the Express offices were lined with teams, the horses heavily blanketed and the wagons heaped with Christmas merchandise. They frequently stood in line all night before it came their turn to unload. Saloons in the district kept open all night to shelter the teamsters, who slept on the floor rolled up in horse blankets, taking turns at guarding the wagons and looking after the horses.

Snow was still falling at intervals when, on December 10th, another boomer and I decided it was a shame to deprive the railroad industry of our valuable services any longer. Strike-breaking agencies were enlisting the aid of the police in trying to recruit scabs for the strikebound roads of the Northwest, and they threatened to "vag" the brothers if they refused employment. Not wishing to be kangarood into involuntary jobs as strike-breakers, we decided, Billy Burns and I, that it might be a bright idea to play safe and get our monickers down on somebody's payroll.

RAILROADS were running "help wanted" ads in the newspapers and were shipping car-hands into Chicago from Cleveland, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and other points; but the freight blockade was getting worse every day because of freight diverted from the strike district. Chicago switchmen, represented by the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, also were talking strike and the general atmosphere was on edge.

Burns and I flipped a nickel for directions, after stowing away coffee and cakes, and it came down heads. For that reason we boarded a Wentworth Avenue car and trekked toward Englewood and the 63rd Street yards of the Lake Shore, instead of grabbing a Western Avenue trolley in the opposite direction.

Within less than an hour we had filled out our application blanks, passed the medical exam, and marked up on the board. Then we dropped into a saloon for a hot whisky. There we met another switchman, who assured us that we were suckers to go to work for the LS&MS when the Panhandle was crying for men and it was a much softer job.

The Panhandle yard office was at 59th Street, only a short distance away, and soon we had a job on that road, too. After a few more drinks we decided that, as we were so near the Fort Wayne yard office at 55th Street, it would be a shame not to give them a tumble as well. We were so used to being hired by that time that we made out our applications in jig time and were given a ticket to the medical examiner, who was located downtown.

There we met a slight hitch, as the same doctor examined for the Panhandle and the Fort Wayne, which were both Pennsy railroads. This problem we solved, after a few more hot whiskies, by not showing up at the doctor's office at all. Burns argued that if they needed men badly enough to hire us without service letters, which they had already done, they probably would put us to work without a medical test.

He was also heartily in favor of accumulating two or three more jobs, and suggested that we go out to the other end of town and hire out on the North Western and the Q, both yard offices being near the Western Avenue car line. I couldn't see much sense in this idea, as we already had more jobs than we knew what to do with; so we got a room and took a snooze, leaving a five o'clock call.

We intended to "shine" on the Panhandle that night, but the Fort Wayne office was a little closer to the hotel, so we reported there. We explained to the night yardlets, a young chap named Jack Sheehan, that we'd been too late to see the doctor that day, so he "placed" the two of us as riders on the eastbound hump.

There were two humps in the yard and, to my joyous amazement, I discovered that I had accidentally stumbled onto about the softest spot in the Chicago area. We started at 6 p.m. The first half of the night we really worked, as a flock of stock, meat, and manifest trains had to be rolling before midnight. This was the only place that I ever saw livestock switched over a hump, but we did it and without knocking the steers off their feet. If there were more than three cars in a cut of stock, an additional rider or two was put on, while cuts of more than eight cars were shoved down by the trimmer engine.

After supper the trimmer-engine foreman and the two junior helpers took a drag of team-track cars and departed for Englewood. Thereupon the rest of us calmly went "on the spot" for three or four hours—meaning, of course, took a little beauty sleep. This seems hard to believe, but the only requirement seemed to be that we leave the day crews with three clear alleys in the receiving yard so that incoming trains need not be held out for lack of yard room.

DEAR old Christmas Eve found us a pretty blue lot of boomers riding cars on that hump. Not a man but what was far away from home, and only one or two of us had been working long enough to have had a pay day. When supper time came the foreman, Dad Clarke, went down on 47th Street and came back with a huge basket of assorted liquors which he had won in a dice game in a saloon.

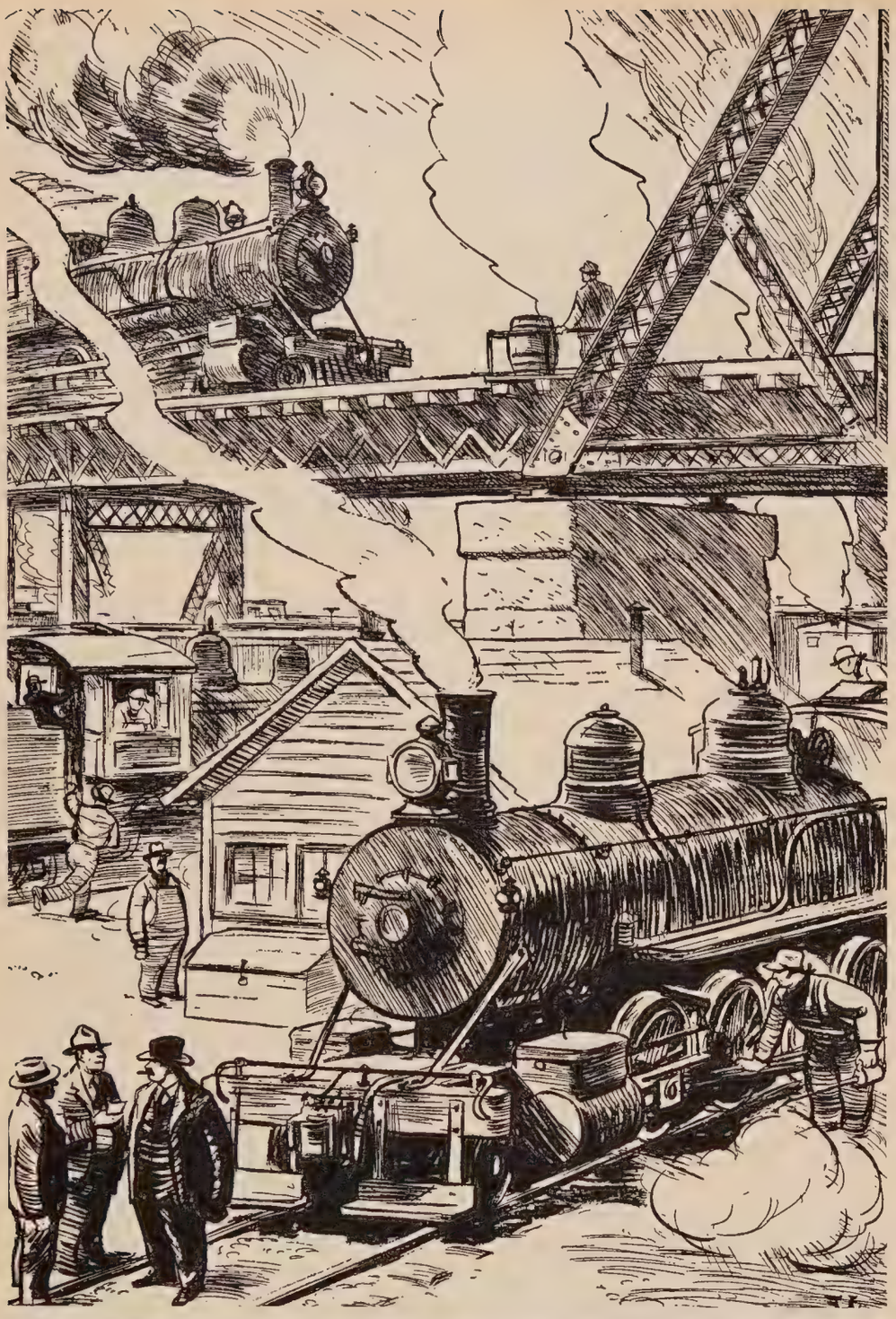
There were bottles of whisky, cognac, claret, port, sherry, and champagne in that bountiful receptacle. To achieve an equitable distribution, somebody had the brilliant plan of concocting a sort of super-cocktail by mixing the whole works in one bucket!

It was different from anything any of us had ever sampled. The effect, if you craved action, was highly gratifying. Each drink of red-eye slid down with deceptive smoothness and then exploded like a depth bomb.

We were a bit late getting the hotshots lined up on their tracks that evening, and the fact that all hands were higher than a kite didn't help much. A rider named Bunk Gillenau let a car of California red wine get away from him. The crash, when it registered, started that car spouting in all directions like blood from a wounded whale. Dinner buckets, tank buckets, dope buckets—anything that would hold wine—was hurriedly requisitioned to catch the Yuletide cheer.

After getting pretty thoroughly saturated, most of the bunch went to sleep. As our hotel was only a few blocks away, Burns and I wisely went home and to bed, knowing that we would scarcely be missed and that the crew wouldn't turn another wheel that night.

Along toward morning one of the boomers woke up, half frozen, and tried to revive a dying fire by pouring a can of coal oil into the stove. The ensuing ex-



Twilight began to descend upon the boomers even before the first World War. They saw it coming well in advance and set about establishing seniority and becoming home guards.

plosion blew him clean out the door and set the shanty afire. The rest of the gang got out without suffering severe burns, but the day men had their working clothes in the lockers. When they showed up for work next morning and found that the night hawks had cremated their raiment, they had the finest excuse in the world for taking a Christmas holiday. So they promptly went home.

Jack Sheehan, the night general yardmaster, considerately made out a report that cleared everybody. Believe it or not, we got away with a wing-ding like that without even one man being fired!

It would seem that nobody could lose such a job, but leave it to me to accomplish the impossible. I worked every night until the first pay day, about January 15th, and then went on a bender for about three days, during which time I neither showed on the job nor phoned to plead illness. Thus I actually got canned from what was perhaps the easiest job in town.

A couple of weeks later I hired out on the Burlington at 22nd Street and Western Avenue and drew about the lousiest assignment in the yard, the foreign yard engine. This was one of the Q jobs that used a left-handed engine, and we got the first one of these critters that stuck her nose out of the barn. Other crews might loaf around for an hour or two before getting a pig; because the road, like all the rest of them, was short of motive power and crews were frequently kept waiting while minor repairs were made.

But not us. The first southpaw that showed was ours, and we soon forgot what a "spot" signal looked like. From 7 p.m. until 6 a.m. we rawhided without a halt except our fifty-nine-minute supper hour. Owing to the layout of the yard, we worked on the inside of the lead, which meant that the field men had to cross over to throw every switch and cross back again to give a signal while the pin-puller was stumbling over rails and frogs every time he got off or on.

That yard, like most other train yards in Chicago, had just been elevated and the Lake Michigan breezes had a full swing at us, with no buildings to take the edge off the icy blasts. The thermometer would rise a few degrees during the day, but at nights the mercury remained coyly hidden in the little bulb down at the bottom of the tube—anywhere from 12 to 20 degrees below.

And, mister, 20 below in Chicago is worse than 40 below in the drier climate of Wyoming and Idaho. Most of the cars we handled were empties. This, plus the cold, made them run like sleds. We had to kick hell out of very cut and we "sawed" about half the switches.

NEVER before had I been as disgusted with a job. Even so, I hung grimly onto it, because I felt that some discipline was due after my idiotic performance on the Fort Wayne feather bed. Often I thought longingly of the blue waters of the Gulf at Biloxi, Miss., the winter sunshine hitting the poinsettias and palm fronds in Los Angeles, or the steam beer and the steamed clams of good old San Francisco. But I clung to that job with almost fanatic zeal until the latter end of April, when I finally quit after I had narrowly escaped death by being cornered by a car that rolled out and fouled the lead.

These left-handed switch engines that we used were peculiar to the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. I never could figure out any good reason for them except that, no matter what the layout of the yard might be, the engine was always coming ahead on a kick signal. This slight advantage, if it can be called such, seemed scarcely enough to pay for the trouble of building such monstrosities. Some of them were convertible and could be changed from left- to right-hand drive, or vice versa, in a jiffy.

When I quit the Q, there was a modest bankroll in the hip pocket of my cor-

duroys, and I resolved on a trip through Canada where a big land boom was on at the time. I headed in the direction of Winnipeg. Business was good on both the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern, and plenty of American boomers were working in the Dominion. I had resolved to loaf and travel for awhile, but had some difficulty in doing so, as brakemen and switchmen were in demand and jobs were available at every division point.

Conductors showed a marked reluctance to extend favors in the form of transportation under such circumstances. So eventually I had to accept a job switching in Regina. After working there two days, I tried to quit, but the yardmaster would not accept my resignation.

When I went broke I found it was possible to draw all wages due at any time by signing a voucher and forwarding the same to the timekeepers office in Moose Jaw. I virtually had to sneak away from Regina, and when I went into the super's office in Moose Jaw to get an order for the balance due me, I'll be damned if the chief clerk didn't talk me into filling out an application for a job braking before I could get out of the joint.

Well, I had a blue serge suit, and by spending $1.25 for a set of brass buttons that would slip on over the ordinary ones, I had a uniform and thus was permitted to mark up on the passenger "spare board" as well as the freight board. A cap could be borrowed from the baggage room at Moose Jaw.

THIS passenger braking brought me about the funniest experience of my Canadian sojourn. I went east to Brandon, Manitoba, on the second section of a passenger train. We were called for a colonist train for the return trip. We had something like twelve cars loaded with young Britishers just off the boat and headed for western Saskatchewan and Alberta. Apparently their minds were filled with rather lurid literature about the "colonies" and they were constantly asking when we might be expected to encounter Indians or buffalo.

When we were in a blind siding for a meet, I was sitting on a tie pile near the switch. Suddenly my ears were blasted by a deafening roar of gunfire. Looking back toward the train, I could see the excited Limeys shooting from practically every window. The powder smoke almost hid the train. I found that a prairie-dog town was located on the right-of-way and the Britons had opened fire. They must have scared some of the poor rodents to death, even if none were hit by bullets.

When we highballed out of there, the con and I went through the coaches and collected a gunnysack full of the cheap metal revolvers with which nearly every guy on the train was armed. Of course, we hadn't any shadow of authority for this proceeding, but the conductor was afraid that the boys might shoot at us or at one another, or perhaps open fire on some harmless Sioux riding into town for a sack of Bull Durham. The Limeys surrendered their weapons without much argument, and the conductor who took charge at Moose Jaw receipted for them.

This was the summer of 1910. I came out of Canada in the autumn by way of the Crow's Nest pass and the Spokane & International that ran from Cranbrook, B.C., down through King's Gate and hit the Northern Pacific main line at Sand Point, Idaho.

I did not know it then, but I was seeing the last of the halcyon days of the boomer. We were already entering our twilight. Jobs were still to be had for a year or two afterward, but things were definitely slowing down. When the fall of 1913 came around, I hit Chicago again, but there wasn't a single job of switching to be had anywhere.

Not only that, but there wasn't a job between St. Paul and Seattle, for I inquired at the general offices of both Jim Hill roads and I personally interviewed every trainmaster on the Milwaukee from the Twin Cities to the Coast. The Great Construction Era was over; the biggest boom in history was in a state of collapse.

It is true that 1914-'20 had a temporary revival of railroad business; but twilight had begun to envelop the boomers even before the assassinations at Sarajevo precipitated war. The boomers themselves were quick to see it, and for the next few years they were digging in, establishing seniority and becoming home guards.

The Outlaw Strike of 1920 set many of us adrift again, including me; but I think I am speaking for a lot of pin-pullers when I say that the shine had already worn off, the glamour had gone, and the boomers still knocking around the country were neither as tough nor as cocky as the old-timers, nor did they fare as well at the hands of the officials and the home guards.

As for the railroads, rival forms of transportation are grabbing off more and more business every year. It would take the creation of an entirely new set of industries to start another boom—the only thing that could lift the twilight of the boomers. And, brothers, I don't think it is in the cards. ●

Besides being a railroad man, the late Harry K. McClintock ("Haywire Mac") was a minstrel. He wrote such popular songs as "Big Rock Candy Mountains" and "Hallalujah, I'm a Bum."

H.L. Kelso, 3139 Hollypark Drive, Inglewood, Calif. 90305

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.

1 ***Name the first section of the Pennsy that was opened for service.***

On Sept. 1, 1849, the 61-mile stretch of track between Harrisburg and Lewistown, Pa., was put into operation. The first timetable showed one passenger train each way daily, making the trip in about four hours. Freight trains ran twice a week.

2 ***Photo of a Reading K class Santa Fe type loco shows "RU" painted in white letters on the pilot deck; what did this mean?***

"RU" signified she was regularly assigned to the enginehouse at Rutherford yard, near Harrisburg. Similarly, "G" identified a loco from the Gordon, Pa., roundhouse; and "EA" and "GS" indicated on Green Street, Philadelphia.

3 ***What was the Stevens valve gear?***

Invented by Southern Pacific master mechanic A.J. Stevens, who tried to overcome the reputed shortcomings of the link motion, it was an outside steam-locomotive gear using an eccentric and crosshead lever to move a sort of wrist-plate which actuated the valve stem. The valve opened sharply for admission until it was wide open, remained that way for an instant, and then closed tight. Installed on many SP and Central Pacific locos, it never achieved general use elsewhere.

4 ***When was California perishable fruit first shipped across country by rail?***

Loaded into Central Pacific car 1974, it left Vaccaville, Calif., consigned to the Erie Railroad's Jersey City Terminal, and arrived June 28, 1887. The 806 boxes of plums, apricots, and peaches were unloaded and samples were auctioned in a building located at Broadway and Bowling Green, New York City.

5 ***What can you tell me about Beyer Peacock & Co., loco builders? My father used to work for this firm as a construction engineer.***

This reply comes from Al Herskovits, our man in London, England: Firm was originally a partnership between Frederick Beyer (1813-'76) and Richard Peacock (1820-'89). Peacock was only 18 when appointed locomotive superintendent of the Leeds & Selby Railway, possibly the youngest man ever to hold such a high office in a locomotive plant. The partnership dates from 1853. A factory was built at Gorton, England. First locomotive, one of an order of eight 2-2-2's, was delivered to the Great Western Railway in July, 1855 (these were the first standard-gage GWR locos).

Beyer Peacock engines were elegant, had upward tapering chimneys and pretty brass dome casings, and were shipped all over the world. The firm had excellent European connections, with many foreigners, especially Germans, who trained at the company. The Berlin-Potsdam, Swedish Royal, and Danish State railways were among their regular customers. They specialized for many years in tank engines: 2-4-0, 0-6-0, 4-4-2, 4-6-4, etc.

In 1907, Henry Garratt, inventor of the famous loco bearing his name, went to the management of the company and they agreed to develop her. They called her the Beyer-Garratt. She became very popular and was built in 14 different wheel arrangements for 55 railways in 5 continents. Largest of these was a 262-ton 4-8-2 plus 2-8-4 built in 5-foot gage for the U.S.S.R. in 1932.

Later, the company built diesels, 48 of which went to Australia. Finally, after having built a total of 8,000-odd locos, and still at Gorton, the firm shut its doors in 1966. It was not really geared to diesel building. One interesting item: almost as the Gorton Foundry closed, there came an order for 8 Garratts from South Africa—as if to emphasize Beyer Peacock's outstanding reputation in the steam loco field.

6 ***Information, please, on the German steam loco which the Canadian National tested in the 1940's.***

Canadian National shops have a German condenser-type engine, one of many captured in World War II. She underwent many tests to determine her practical use in Canada. Her outstanding feature was the condenser by which exhaust steam was transferred to the tender and converted to water to be re-used. Who can tell us what finally happened to her?

7 ***When was the first complete passenger train in America lighted by electricity?***

In the first week of April, 1887, the Connecticut River Railroad, now part of the Boston & Maine, began operating an all electrically-lighted train between Springfield and Northampton, Mass. This train beat by one day the inauguration of a similarly illuminated Boston & Albany express, which, however, had no electric lights in the dining car. S.H. and C.E. Barrett of Springfield devised the system.

8 ***Print the poem "Rails of Yesterday."***

Yes, indeed, by T.J. Sheehey:

No agent waits for passengers,
Though the station stands here still
By the crossing, once a station stop
That was called North Underhill.
I stood on the line of the right-of-way
On the route of the old B&L
And I listen in vain for the whistle's blast
Or the sound of the engine's bell.

For the rails are gone from the rotting ties
Where the noisy wheels have run
And the cindery bed gives grudging life
To wild blooms in the sun.
No private cars nor streamlined trains
This branch line ever saw
Nor Pullman cars with lovely names
Like Teneriffe or Talequah;
But local trains for local folk
Their schedule kept each day
For travelers both old and young
On errands grave or gay.

And sturdy freight cars in those years
Yon weed-grown siding knew,
With names of seas and states and towns
The whole wide country through.
All these have gone. And railroad crews
No more the trains attend
Through Essex Junction and Underhill
To Cambridge 'round the bend.

It has been said, somewhere I've heard,
Not all the powers unseen
Can make that which has occurred
As if it had not been.
Yet here it seems that Nature strives
To sink in Vermont's soil
The least small sign of what was once
The Burlington & Lamoille.

9 ***What was the "1000-mile tree"?***

This was a Union Pacific landmark, a pine growing on the right-of-way in Weber Canyon, Utah, exactly 1000 miles from Omaha.Do not confuse it with the equally famous "lone tree." The latter was a lodgepole pine growing out of a split boulder near Laramie, Wyo., on the highest point reached by the UP, miles from any other tree. Before the line was rerouted, the lone tree stood beside the track and enginemen would stop there to water it. The railroad built an iron

Wintry scene at Folkstone harbor, England, in November '69, showing a British Railways train about to leave for London. In background is a mail boat on the regular Channel run. Photographer is chief editor of *La vie du rail,* a leading rail magazine with a large circulation in Europe.
Paul Delacroix, Editions N.M., 11, rue de Milan 75440-Paris Cedex 09, France

fence around it.

10 ***Have any serious musical compositions been written with a railroad theme?***

Yes, indeed, and by famous composers, too! Johann Strauss, Jr. (1825-'99) wrote a fast polka called *Vergnugungszug* (excursion train), and his brother Eduard turned out a piece featuring sounds of an engine hooter and guard's whistles. The Brazilian-born composer Villa-Lobos (1887-1959) wrote a piece about a Brazilian narrow-gage train. But perhaps the greatest railroad music of all was composed in 1924 by the Frenchman Arthur Honegger (1892-1955). It is a moving and rhythmical tone-poem for orchestra called *Pacific 231,* and is well worth listening to if you get an opportunity.

Incidentally, Czech composer Antonin Dvorak was a railfan who often went to Prague's main railway station to talk to engine crews and record locomotive numbers. A story is told of him sending a servant to note the engine number of a particular train when he was too busy to go himself. When the servant came back, the composer sharply rebuked him for having taken down the tender number by mistake!

11 ***Are Irish railroads standard-gage?***

No; trains of the Irish Transport Company (Coras Iompair Eireann) run on a gage of 5 feet 3 inches. The only other countries we know of that use this gage are Brazil and some lines in Australia. There are also narrow-gauge Irish lines.

12 ***Describe the armoured car built to protect Union bridge repairmen during the Civil War.***

Constructed of half-inch boiler iron, it had 50 rifle ports and at one end mounted a 24-pounder cannon. The unit accommodated 60 men, and at night served as a berth and guard car. It was used by workmen rebuilding burned bridges on the Baltimore & Ohio that had been fired by Southern sympathizers to prevent the passage of Federal troops defending Washington.

13 ***Name the first railroad line chartered west of the Alleghenies.***

The Lexington & Ohio, now part of the Louisville & Nashville, was projected as a horse-drawn road with double-deck cars for women and children to sit below, gentlemen on top. Henry Clay, a famous Southern statesman, presided at the meeting which organized it on April 16, 1831. The first rail was laid that October and the first train was run 1½ miles the following August.

14 ***How long have freight cars been interchanged between various American railroads?***

Since around 1860. Previously, when freight was shipped from one railroad to a destination on another line, it had to be unloaded and reloaded into cars of the second carrier. A Bostonian by the name of Campbell conceived the idea of running cars between Boston, New York, and Chicago. At first there were great difficulties in getting the cars over the different roads, as primitive equipment often broke down. Much trouble arose from the diversity of car designs and their parts. Wheel diameters ranged from 28 to 44 inches, car-floor height varied, and the couplers were of various heights and designs. Conferences held between master carbuilders of the roads involved formulated rules for interchange of cars and adopted standard designs and practices in their construction to facilitate free interchange and prompt repair. These conferences led to the origin of

the Mechanical Division of the Association of American Railroads.

15 ***When did Baldwin Locomotive Works first build cast-steel frames?***

In 1898, when Baldwin applied them to a consignment of Consolidation locos built in Philadelphia for the Santa Fe.

16 ***When was the first iron railway bridge built?***

In 1825, for the Stockton & Darlington Railway over Gaunless River at West Auckland in northern England. Designed by George Stephenson, the famous locomotive and railway pioneer, it was constructed of cast-iron columns and wrought-iron work and had four spans of 12½ feet each. The whole structure had a light, airy effect. In 1901 it had to be pulled down to make way for a stronger bridge to support the heavier rolling stock and engines then being used. Visitors can see the original bridge, which was re-erected at British Rail's York Railway Museum. Incidentally, the S&D—also built by Stephenson—holds the record of having been the world's first railway powered by steam from the beginning.

Running Extra

We get much more mail for this department than we can find time to answer or space to print, but we do our best. Keep your letters very short and never ask us more than two questions at a time. We do not answer readers by mail or phone. Name and address must accompany each letter,

Several readers have asked us for a history of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, which would be too long to publish here. They should read *Steelways of New England* by Harlow, and *The Fall of a Railroad Empire,* by Staples and Mason.

Stephen Baldwin asks if any New York Central steam engines, in addition to the 999, have been preserved. The Museum of Transport in St. Louis, Mo., has No. 2933, a Mohawk. She was one of many L2's assigned to service on the Big 4 district. It was my good fortune to fire this beauty often during my years on this road. Recently, at the museum I was permitted to climb into her cab and sit in the engineer's seat. Ah, the memories that came to me! Too bad this engine's voice is silenced forever! So many lonely nights out on the road her tireless stride and her wonderful stack seemed to talk to me, as did her strident whistle notes. These sounds filled my memory as I sat there dreaming.

There is also a NYC engine posing as a Texas & Pacific loco somewhere in Texas; and one of the H7 class was sold to a road in Nova Scotia, but I don't know what became of her when the road was dieselized. Ever since I began reading I have enjoyed *Railroad Magazine.* My uncle was a New York Central brakeman and would give me his copies of the magazine until I was old enough to buy my own. Anything about railroads, girls and all that you print is OK with me.—J.O. Howard, 3670 Schirtzinger Rd., Columbus, Ohio 43220.

What types of locos did the NYC use on its line that ran from Tupper Lake, N.Y., to Ottawa, Canada? Did the Central always own that line?—Ernest Heath, 526 Amelia St., Cornwall, Ont., Canada.

G. Lynn Taylor is correct in saying in your August issue that the blue lens on his switch stand lamp is lunar white. BMT Division of New York subways has many signals using this color to indicate clearing at a predetermined speed. Changing the subject, Wm. Earnshaw (same issue) might be interested in knowing that about 1957 Vaughn Monroe made *The Railroad Runs through the Middle of the House* for RCA Victor, which may have been an old song from the 1930's, done over.—Ed Davis, 282 Eldert Lane, Woodhaven, N.Y. 11421.

I have an old framed picture, entitled "Great Rock Island Route," showing green pastures, a cowboy, cattle, mountains, and a CRI&P passenger train. Has it any collector's value?—Capt. B.C. Wilson, USMC, 4212 N. Pleasant, Fresno, Calif. 93705.

I want to contact Geo. Eggers, who lived in Woodside, N.Y., and had material on Albany-Hudson fast line in 1901. —Bill Gordon, 232 Beresford Rd., Rochester, N.Y.

I have an old wax sealer used by an agent to seal his cash remittance envelopes. It bears the wording "Plant System, GB343." Will someone tell me about the Plant System?—R.L. Oakley, Lt. Col., USAF Ret., Box 113, Apache Jct., Ariz. 85220.

How many MP54 MU Pennsy cars are still running? When were they built, which serial numbers, how many seats, and type of classification?—Richard Trentacostie, Jr., 166 St. Johns St., Central Islip, N.Y. 11722.

Where and how long did the Rock Island Southern operate?—Harold Scoby, 2821 S. Jefferson, Peoria, Ill.

I need info. for an essay on the CNR Newfoundland lines and all other Newfoundland railways. Will pay for any pix and facts, if necessary.—David Guay, 821 Eastlawn Blvd., Windsor, Ont., N8S 3H6.

In Muir Canyon, west of my home, I found a locomotive driving wheel 28" in diameter, solid cast-iron, cast-in crankpin, with no counterweight, and the name "Murray Bros. of San Francisco." Who can shed light on this relic?—Wm. Leventon, P.O. Box 596, Willits, Calif. 95490.

Will someone give me brief histories of the Savannah & Western, the Sylacauga & Wetumpka, and the Green Line? —Wayne Clive, 413 E. 15th St., Anniston, Ala. 36201.

I want a history of the railroad that once ran from the Florida mainland out to Key West.—John Gray, 77 High St., Newton, N.J. 07860. *(Ed. note:* Florida East Coast Railway, built by Henry M. Flagler. You'll find the story in Freeman Hubbard's book, *Railroad Avenue,* in the chapter entitled "The Main Line Will Go Out to Sea."

Maybe a Santa Fe man will tell me how many crews and how many personnel are necessary to take the *Super Chief* from Chicago to Los Angeles, and what is approximately the total of their wages. —L.O. Brankle, 301 S. Elm St., Hagerstown, Ind. 47346.

Is there such a thing as a railroad grade crossing in a tunnel? Also, I want facts about the Southern Railway's old towers at Zirkle, Happy Creek, and Rixlew, Va. —Edgar O'Connors, 315 35th St., Charlotteville, Va. 22903.

According to March '71 issue of *The Official Register of Passenger Train Equipment* and other rosters in my possession, the Spokane, Portland & Seattle owned two dome cars, both domes being short with 24 seats in each and 46 reclining leg-rest seats in the coach sections below. The cars were numbered 559 and 1332. Budd Company built both for pooled use with the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Burlington on the *Empire Builder* and *North Coast Limited.* The 559 was built in 1954 for the *North Coast* and the 1332 for the *Builder* in 1955. The 1332, presently in service under Amtrak, is tentatively ticketed to be renumbered 9472. The 559, to the best of my knowledge, has not been purchased by Amtrak. This answers a question by H. Westerfield.—Kenneth Ruben, director, Pacific Railroad Society, Inc., Box 5279, Los Angeles, Calif. 90055.

Who can tell me the purpose of using saturated steam whistles on locos as opposed to whistles operated by superheated steam?—Richard Grandzol, 7797 Hasbrook Ave., Philadelphia Pa. 19111.

Do any publications on Class I roads in the U.S. pertain to main operating divisions with names and locations of each?—Dave Lineberry, 1017 Don Diego Ave., Santa Fe, N.M. 87501.

In June 1924 or '25 a bad wreck on the Lackawanna at Rockport, N.J., killed 50 or more people. Why was this train sent over the old main line rather than the shorter and better-built cutoff?—J. Gray, 77 High Street, Newton, N.J. 07860.

Was continental (radio) code used in Europe or Asia for communication over land wires for train dispatching and message work?—Wm. Thomson, 200 Palm Ave., Millbrae, Calif. 94030.

My dad used to sing a tune while he was working on the Canadian National many years ago. I know the melody and a few lines: "Oh, the tune of the gandy dancers, Oh, the tune that the piper's play." Can anyone supply the rest?—Bryan Bartoshek, 15925-106th Ave., Edmonton, Alta., Canada. T5P-OW6.

Your February department listed the track gage in Norway and Sweden as 42 inches, also meter gage. Last fall my wife and I spent five days riding mainline trains in these countries, total rail mileage 2411, much of the line being double track. If this wasn't 4' 8½" gage I'll eat my hat.—Edward Mahoney, 5418 Ellsworth Ave., Dallas, Texas 75206.

Info. wanted on the approximate prices railroads pay for the ties, new and used; 90-lb. rail; ballast, per cubic yard, and track fittings (spikes, tie plates).—Norman Ford, P.O. Box 93, Exton, Pa. 19341.

When was Boston & Maine's *Minute Man* inaugurated and when was it taken off? Its color scheme?—Henry Doucette, 185 Chestnut St., Waltham, Mass. 02154.

Any book now available with such data on diesel locos as horsepower, wheel arrangements, other operating characteristics?—Tom Craig, Jr., 27 W. 15th St., Linden, N.J. 07036.

Can anyone tell me where and when the first U.S. loco roundhouse was built?—D.W. Kleinhans, 6900 Mornington Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21222.

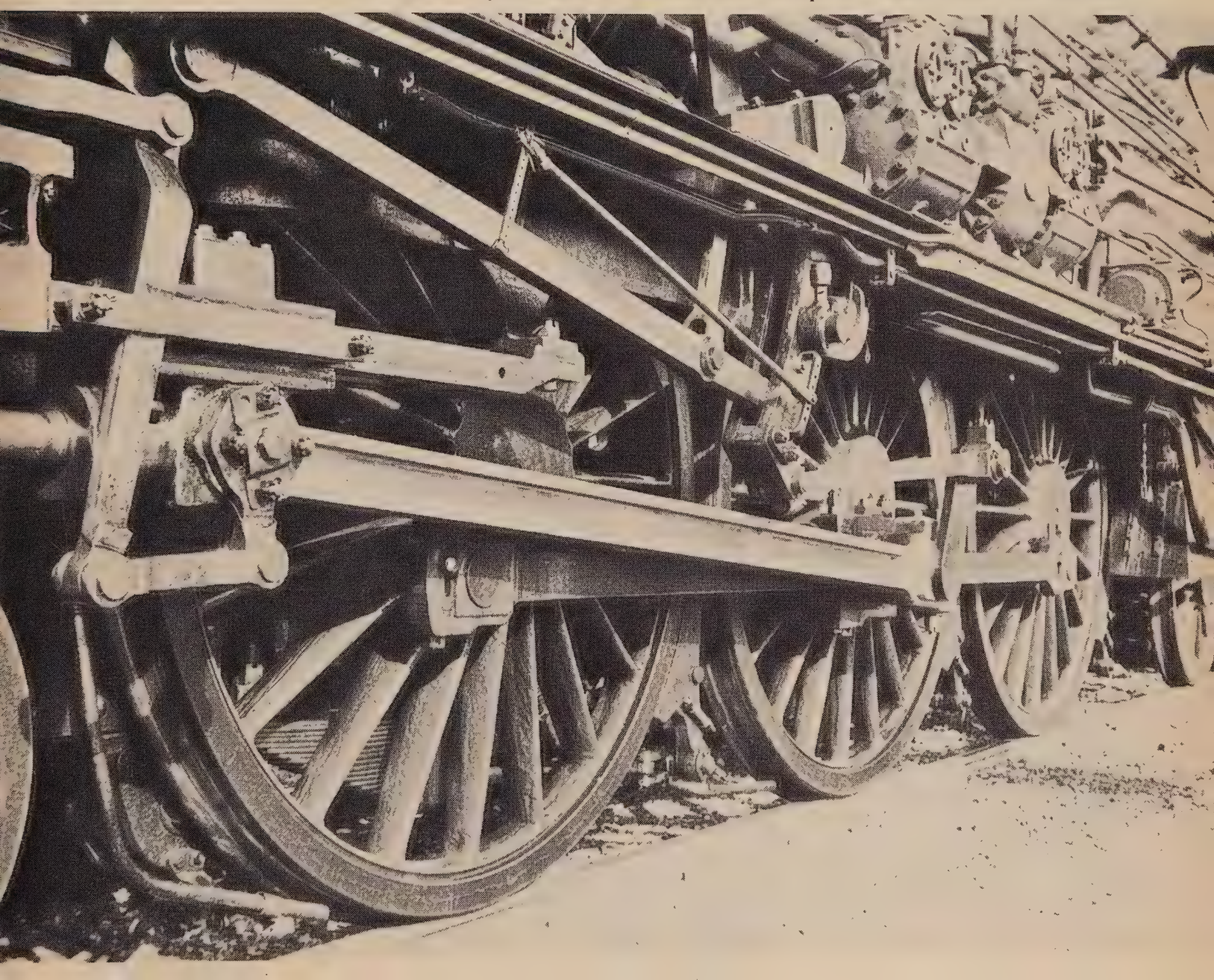
The 102-inch driving wheels on the 1847-built 4-2-2 were certainly large but not the largest as your January department says. That distinction probably goes to Great Western Railway's 2-2-2, built in 1838 by Mather, Dixon & Co. of Liverpool, England, with drivers 10 feet in diameter!—Al Herskovits, 3 Belsize Square, London, N.W.3, England.

I need info. on when B&O branch through Tuscola, Ill., was built and when my grandfather, Robt. Westfall, and later my father, Dan Deardruff, worked as station agent at now-extinct village of Ficklin, Ill.—Ruth E. Riley, 23 Gaucho Dr., Rolling Hills Ests., Calif. 90271.

Fifty years ago I read a book entitled "Cab & Caboose." Who wrote it and where can I get a copy?—John Lukko, 225-A W. Dunne Ave., Morgan Hill, Calif. 957037.

William Lachenal, 8 rue Adrien Ricard, 38000, Grenoble, France

Portrait of high heels on a European lady. Rodding of French National's Pacific H8, built in 1912, and recently restored by the Paray-le-Monial shops for preservation in the French National Railway Museum in Mulhouse. Wheel close-up is not unlike New Haven's old 1350's.



STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

Cars race out of Haddonfield toward Ashlands on opening day of Jersey's Lindenwold high-speed line 1/4/69. Robert R. Gordon, 334 Kennerly Rd., Springfield, Pa. 19064

MAGEE Transportation Museum will not reopen this year because of the heavy damage inflicted last June by hurricane *Agnes*, which flooded the museum grounds at Bloomsburg, Pa. The trolley museum buildings were inundated by water four feet high, while the track and right-of-way were washed out by water receding from nearby Fishing Creek. Damage is estimated at $70,000. We do not know yet whether or not the museum will ever reopen. If it should, its track may or may not be relaid in the same location, near the creek that overflowed.

BUSINESS and governmental leaders on Oahu, Hawaii's most populous island, are convinced that a rapid transit system must be installed there, writes Robert M. Hammack, 95-109 Hiikua Pl., Mililani Town, Hawaii 96789. How to finance it however, and the exact location are still to be determined. Already such questions as fixed rail, personalized rapid transit, exclusive bus lanes, etc., are being discussed. The plan presently favored would provide a line from Pearl City, on the north side of Pearl Harbor, through the Honolulu business district and the Waikiki Beach area to Hawaii Kai, on Kuapa Pond, the northeast side of Maunalua Bay. The proposed system would run between 20 and 25 miles.

CALIFORNIA'S Legislature is hiring three space-age electronics experts to investigate the $36 million automated train-control of Bay Area Rapid Transit District, writes Arthur C. Davis, 7323 Balcom Ave., Reseda, Calif. 91335.

Legislative Analyst A. Alan Post charges that the system, installed by Westinghouse Electric Corp., is "unreliable and under some conditions inoperative." Post recommends against extending BART service through a tube under the bay to San Francisco in September unless improved train-safety controls are assured.

But BART officials insist that the automated train-control problem can be solved in time to open the line according to schedule. The decision to hire the independent three-man board of experts came after two days of hearings by the Senate Public Utilities and Corporations Committee. An offer by BART officials to share in the cost of engaging the board was rejected.

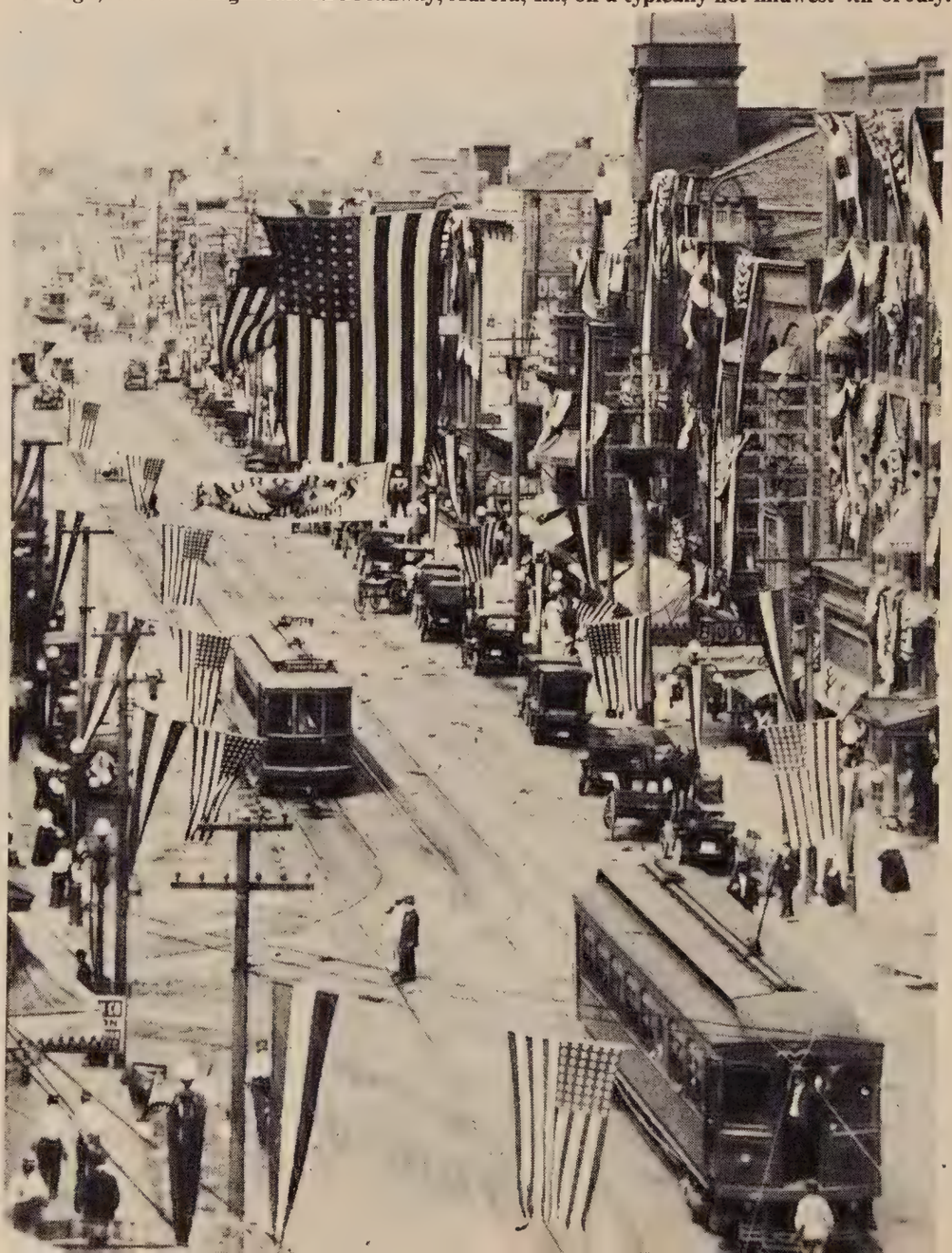
"I know the offer was made in good faith," says State Senator A.E. Alquist, who heads the committee, "but we want a completely objective report—with no strings attached."

B.F. Stokes, general manager of BART, argues that the system is safe. "In fact," he says, "with the suspenders of the manual block system on top of the belt of our automatic controls, no two trains get closer than two stations apart in our present operations.

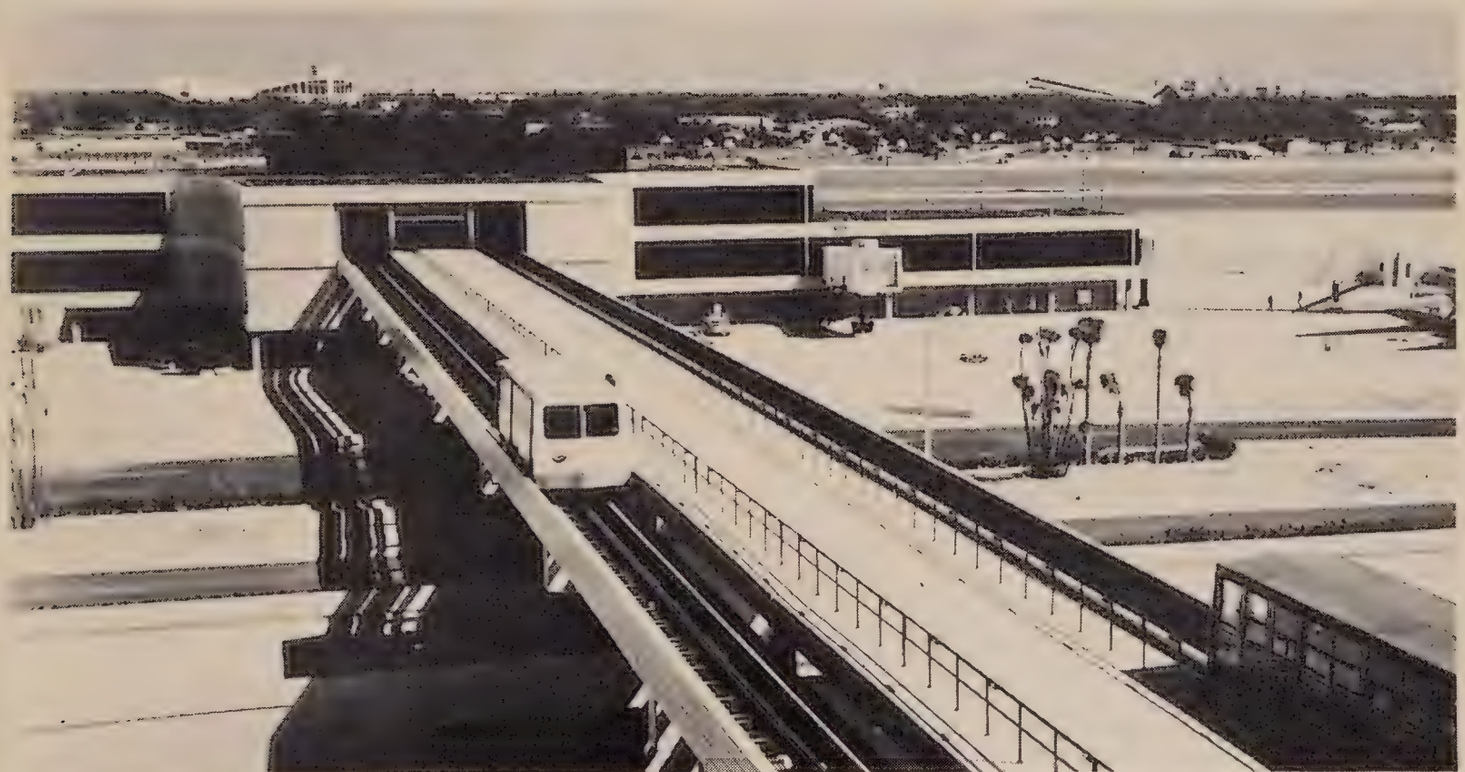
"The manual block was proposed by us and approved by the Public Utilities Commission because of the one remaining problem we have with the train separation aspect of our overall automatic train control system. That problem is one of 100 percent assurance that a 'dead' car can be detected on the tracks at all times.

"Until a solution is found, tested, and proved, we will not operate converging routes. Our projected opening dates for the remainder of the system were developed with full knowledge of the problem to be solved."

Chicago, Aurora & Elgin cars on Broadway, Aurora, Ill., on a typically hot midwest 4th of July.



Eastern Mass. St. Ry. cars being shipped to Porta Argera, Brazil, in '36. Eighteen cars were sold for $1000 each. Eight were stored in hold on deck.
Photograph by Frank Oakley Linehan



Two of eight automated $8 million transit system electric monorail cars that operate between terminals at the Tampa, Fla., International Airport. Recently one of the unmanned cars jolted to a sudden stop from 30-mph resulting in the injury of 28 of the 100 passengers, including two who were hospitalized. As one passenger described it: "We were going full speed and just stopped. People flew everywhere, piling on top of one another." The accident indicated that automation is far from being foolproof.

Third Ave. Transp. Corp. cars at West Farms Sq., Bronx, New York City, on last day of operation Aug. 21, '48. Elevated in distance was formerly New York Westchester & Boston right-of-way.

Collection of Stephen D. Maguire

EARL T. IRETON was quoted in our November department as saying optimistically: "Give the people something decent and they'll tend to keep it that way. Give them junk and they'll make it junkier." Unfortunately, that doesn't apply to *all* people.

Says Bill Finley, 45 Carpenter Lane, Philadelphia, Pa. 19119: "I can't believe Mr. Ireton has ridden the Market-Frankford El recently, or he wouldn't have made such a stupid statement. About ten years ago the City of Philadelphia bought and leased to the now-defunct PTC several new Budd-built subway cars incorporating the latest in safety, comfort, eye-appeal, and scientific advance for mass transit vehicles. That was giving the public something decent. But how it was kept was far from decent. Most of those once-beautiful cars are now defaced with grafitti, some have seats ripped, windows broken, and so on.

"In 1963 Budd built the *Silverliners* for commuter service on the Pennsylvania and Reading railroads. How the public has appreciated this fine equipment also leaves much to be desired. If you survive a trip between North Philadelphia and 30th Street Station without a rock hitting the train, or a kid throwing a shopping cart onto the tracks, you should receive a medal for passing unscathed through a combat zone!

"SEPTA, the successor to PTC, recently spent a small fortune repainting several el and subway stations. You'd never know it to look at them now! As to the older 1930 vintage equipment on the Broad Street Subway, it could hardly be classified as junk. If it is, it became that way through the efforts of certain of the people whom Mr. Ireton refers to idealistically. I would suggest to him and to Boeing Vertol, which he represents, that they build their cars bomb-proof, spray them grafitti-proof, and then take a very deep breath and cross their corporate fingers before sending them into Philadelphia subways. Today's motto in our big cities seems to be: 'If you can't steal it, ruin it.'"

PENNSYLVANIA'S Supreme Court has reversed a decision against the Pittsburgh Port Authority's Skybus plan, reports Jim Cerny of Pittsburgh, Pa. In a 7-1 decision the Court held that the opponents of Skybus had waited too long to institute their action to stop the Skybus elevated roller-coaster project. The Port Authority had spent over $16 million by the time the action was taken. Dissenting, Judge Michael J. Eagan said there was no question in his mind that PAT had substantially altered the original plan of an integrated transit system. There can be no appeal from the ruling.

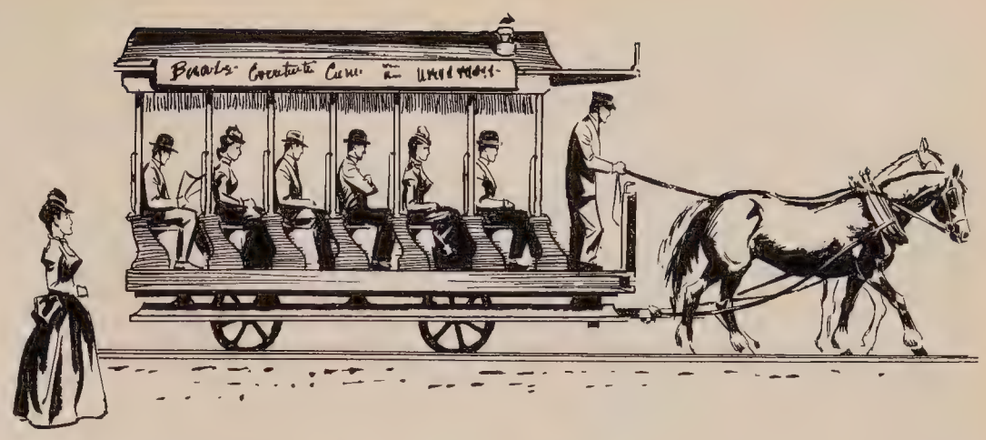
NEW YEAR'S EVE revelers in Toronto, Canada, were encouraged to use mass transit rather than take chances driving on the city streets while all Toronto Transit Commission trolleys, buses, and subway cars were chartered between 8 p.m. and 4 a.m. According to Frank Guest of Toronto and Bob Meldrum of Ottawa, a distillery company rented the entire system for $30,000 during those eight hours and posted advertisements on cars advising people to leave their automobiles at home and ride free on New Year's Eve, saying, "It's on McGuiness Distillers."

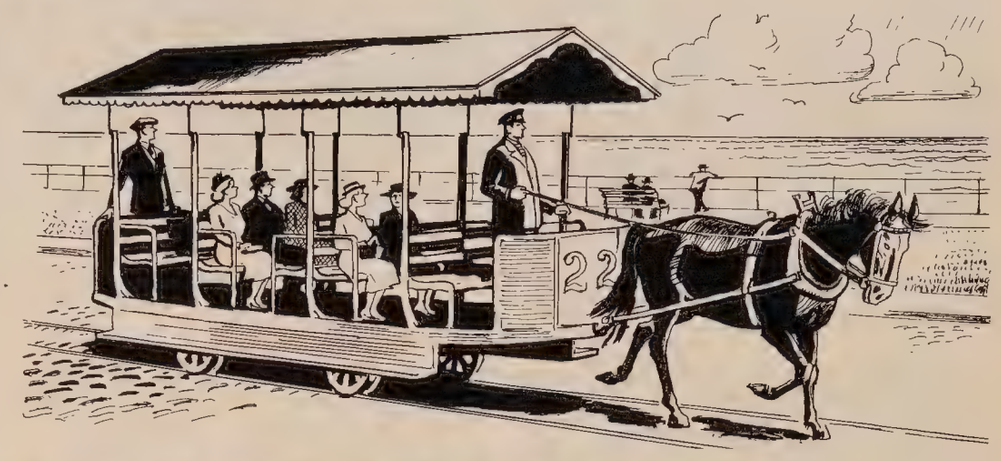
TTC motorman Sam Boyd, who piloted one of the free cars, said many riders didn't seem to be going anywhere in particular; they just kept hopping on and off. Although it was and is illegal to have liquor on any TTC vehicle, many open bottles, wineskins, and flasks were aboard that night. People sang and danced and made merry on the streetcars. There was no need to go to a hotel or private party.

Subway motorman Charlie Mapes said: "I guess in a city of this size, it takes something special to bring the people together."

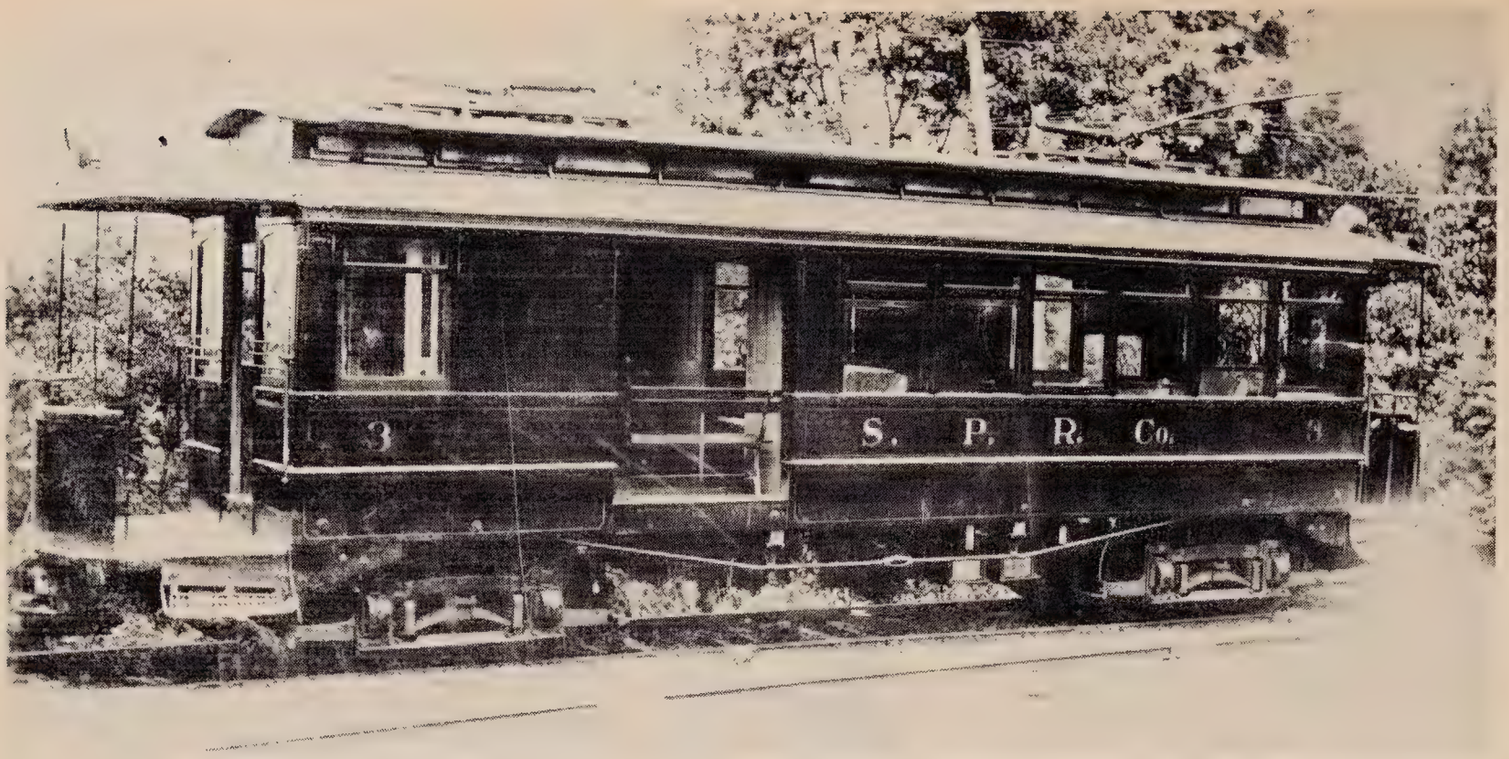
One group had a class reunion and spent the night riding the subway, playing guitars, drums and harmonicas.

Several others spent hours on the sub-





STREETCARS IN THE OLD DAYS



Is there a trolley Sherlock Holmes in the crowd? SPR Co. No. 3, taken by LaMar M. Kelley, Elkhart, Ind., is from the collection of Steve Maguire.
Norton D. Clark, 21 Endicott St., Newton Highlands, Mass.

way just because no fare was charged. "I'm Scottish," chuckled one lady, "and this is one of the biggest thrills of my life—getting in free."

The city's busiest artery, Yonge Street, also took up the spirit as girls did the bunny hop and a man danced on top of a car.

CHICAGO transit fares went up 5 cents on February first, due to CTC's deficit budget of $42.1 million for 1973. It applies to all passengers—adults, children, students, and senior citizens. The basic fare is now 50 cents for adults, 25 cents for the other categories, but the dime transfer charge is unchanged. Effective January 14th, motor buses replaced trolley-buses on four routes. Similar action will be taken soon on the other five CTC routes. Two low-volume rapid transit stations, Dorchester and Sedgewick, have been closed. So have three lightly-used auxiliary entrances to rapid transit stations: Parkside, Keeler, and 33rd Street.

This editorial from *Chicago Today* is worth reprinting. "There was a lesson in the hours-long paralysis of the El trains on December 12th, and we hope the Chicago Transit Authority learned it. The hangup clearly illustrated the right and wrong ways to treat passengers who were delayed by the tens of thousands, trapped out of reach of platforms, with no way of knowing how long they'd be there.

"Some conductors and motormen did things the right way, but others didn't. Some didn't even have the presence of mind to tell passengers to open windows in the cars for fresh air. Nor did they give any hint of what had gone wrong. As a result, many commuters collapsed for want of fresh air; others gestured frantically thru windows for help, completely ignorant of what was happening to them, or might happen to them, or why.

"The lesson is this: The CTA should require its conductors, in any significant delay or in any emergency, to tell the riders as much as they themselves know about what's wrong and how soon it can be fixed. Doing that could avert a disastrous mess. We can be thankful that this lesson was relatively inexpensive."

Coinciding with CTC's 25th anniversary, a six-car train of newly-painted silver rapid transit cars was placed in service on the West-South (Lake-Dan Ryan) route. This equipment introduced the new silver and black styling that now identifies CTA's growing fleet of air-conditioned rapid transit cars. The six are part of a group of 180 built in 1964, Chicago's first with air-conditioning, all due for repainting. They were originally painted mint green and alpine white. Repainted silver cars are entering service at the rate of two to four cars a week.

Chicago could obtain a high-speed overland transportation system to be operated between O'Hare International and Midway airports at no cost to the city.

PRT Systems Corp., of Chicago Heights, has a new concept of a monorail that it says would be eligible for 100 percent Federal funding from the Urban Mass Transportation Administration as a demonstration project.

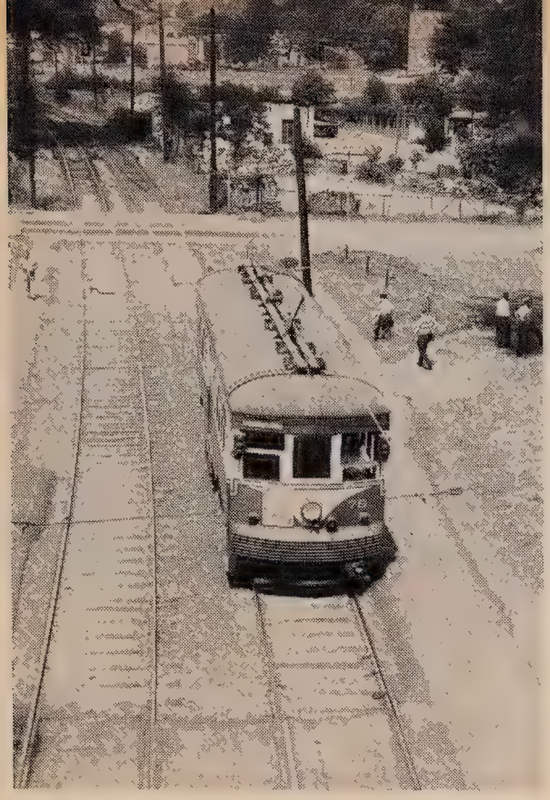
This idea is a true monorail called Astroglide whose cars—suspended from overhead guideways on both sides of a T-beam—would ride on a thin cushion of air, eliminating friction and noise.

George P. Scelzo, president of PRT, says vehicles on his computerized system would be powered by linear induction motors, which are pollution-free, fail-safe and economical. They are operable under all weather conditions. But until a prototype is built and fully tested, nobody will know for sure how Astroglide could perform.

AS THOUGH the Chicago South Shore & South Bend didn't have enough problems in encouraging passenger traffic, comes news that Tri State Coach Lines, Inc. has opened a new bus service between Chicago, Ill., and Gary and Michigan City, Indiana, directly competing along the route of the South Shore line. This news comes from *Punchmark*, regular publication of the American Fare Collection Assn., 917 Annmore Dr., Silver Spring, Md. 20902. The same journal notes that construction of the new Second Avenue subway in New York City has begun and the line will surface in the Bronx and operate over a portion of the abandoned New York, Westchester & Boston interurban right-of-way from a point near its former Harlem River terminal.

THE PROPOSED Buffalo-Amherst Rapid Transit Line is finally getting under way. The New York State Department of Transportation has started drilling for soil samples in downtown Buffalo for the transportation center. The center will have a direct connecting corridor to the Amherst Rapid Transit Line and bring together in one terminal intercity, commuter and local bus service.

Back in 1910, when L. Rush of Glenham, N.Y., lived in Buffalo, he rode a steam-powered train in Canada that had previously run on the Third Avenue Ele-



Phila. Suburban Trans. 76 at Ardmore Jct., Pa., July '57. Collection of Stephen D. Maguire.

Bright, well-lit interior of Toronto Transportation Commission subway car taken in 1972. Photograph by Cecil H. Goodwin, Toronto, Ont.

vated line in New York City. "My mother would take us kids on the ferry across the Niagara River," he writes. "The railroad there was several miles long, sort of a shuttle operation between the ferry and Fort Erie beach. Mother fixed up tasty lunches for us and we picnicked on the beach. The engine pulled two or three coaches, forward one way and backward on the return trip. When mother was a girl in about 1887 she lived on East 134th Street in New York City. Before hanging out her wash, she said, she would look to see which way the wind was blowing steam from the locomotive and would make sure not to hang up the clothes if they were likely to get blackened by the smoke."

Getting back to the present time, State Senator Frederick Meyerson, a Brooklyn Democrat, has introduced a bill in Albany to earmark 3 percent of New York State's motor fuel tax revenue for improving mass transit. Right now, 20 percent goes for highway construction, the rest into the general fund. If passed, this bill would raise $12 million more a year for mass transit—only a fraction of what is needed to get people out of passenger cars and into buses, trains, and subways. But every little bit helps, and we hope it becomes law.

AL KLEINSMITH of Cleveland, Ohio, sent us this question: "When did Cleveland streetcars give free rides?" The answer is April 28, 1908, on a so-called Con-Con day. Mayor Tom Johnson, who had fought long and hard for a three-cent fare and finally won, controlled all the city's trolley systems after the merger of the Cleveland Electric Railway Co. (Big Con) and the Cleveland City Railway Co. (Little Con). To celebrate his victory, he set aside that date as Municipal Day, with free trolley rides for all. Eventually, the three-cent fare was discarded as a short-lived but politically expedient venture.

UNIDENTIFIED photo on page 50 of our August '72 issue shows Northern Ohio Traction car 20 (later 1420) at the Ravenna Station, where it connected with the Cleveland, Alliance & Mahoning Valley Railroad line, according to Mckinley Crowley, 724 44th St., N.W., Canton, Ohio 44709. It was one of ten cars built by Niles Car Co. for the Akron-Kent-Ravenna Division.

Caption under photo at bottom of page 38, February issue, did not belong there. Picture really showed a meter gage open trolley car, No. 13, on the OTSL system, whatever that was, in San Luiz, Brazil.

New Electric Publications

BART Off and Running, **by Joseph A. Strapac, 48 pages, 8-1/2x11", paperbacked, may be had for $4.95 from Chatham Publishing Co., P.O. Box 283, Burlingame, Calif. 94010. This book is not a complete story of the world's newest rail transit system, Bay Area Rapid Transit. It does not even cover the trials and tribulations involved in getting the initial BART train running. It is, however, a pictorial look at the system's first operating segment, the 28-mile line through Southern Alameda County from Fremont to Oakland. The limited text includes details of the equipment and the working of the automated system, along with two pages of car plans. The photos are varied and interesting.**

The Electric Railway, **a 26-page 6x9" booklet covering trolley days, particularly in the Dayton area, is available at only 25 cents from Carillon Park, 2001 S. Patterson Blvd., Dayton, Ohio 45409. Here you will find many choice anecdotes and old views of the cars, even trolleybuses. The front cover shows a nine-bench open trolley, shipped to the park several years ago and kept there in memory of Dayton's past. The trolley came from Sao Paulo, Brazil. All Sao Paulo trolleys have since been scrapped and a new subway is being built in the Brazilian city.**

Elsewhere in South American, despite temperatures in the high nineties last Yuletide, a Santa Claus in the traditional winter garb rode one of the last remaining trolley cars in the Santa Teresa Hill neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro in Argentina. The car was an open bench type with running boards on each side.

TWO back issues of Headway Recorder, **containing good historical articles, are still available at $1.25 each from National Capital Historical Museum of Transportation, Inc., Box 5795, Bethesda, Md. 20014. The Dec. '67 issue contains a 20-page illustrated story of the trolleys of the Carlisle and West Shore area in Pennsylvania, including the history and rosters of the Valley Railways and the Carlisle & Mt. Holly line, with maps.**

The other booklet, Dec. '68, has an 8-page article on the two small, isolated, trolley-freight, switching lines in Detroit, at Highland Park and Shoemaker terminals. Those lines were used to bring coal cars into the power plants for heating bus garages. The same issue offers 12 pages on the Detroit United interurban lines, particularly in the Ann Arbor area, with several very old and rare photos. Readers sending checks for these booklets should make them payable to "NCHMT, Inc."

Fare Tokens used on the Minneapolis trolley museum line operated by the Minnesota Transportation Museum, Inc., are available at 25 cents in coin and a self-addressed stamped envelope sent to Trolley, P.O. Box 1300, Hopkins, Minn. 55343.

To save time, send all *Transit Topics* letters directly to Stephen D. Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719.

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

Mike Eagleson

One of the only two steamers left on Santa Fe roster. (See photograph on pages 18-19.)
Photograph by Mark Meyer

UNION PACIFIC steam is making news again. Northern type No. 833 was recently presented to Salt Lake City, Utah, and put on exhibition in Pioneer Park; but less than a month after this beautifully-restored engine was displayed without a protective fence, vandals had shot out almost all the cab windows with BB guns, reports Nathaniel Goodman of Salt Lake City (6053 S. 2300 East).

Another handsome UP engine, 2-8-0 No. 440, formerly on view at the Nebraska State Fair Grounds, was removed last October 9th, due to impending construction of the new University field house there. A scrap dealer was contacted to remove the Consolidation, but through the efforts of dedicated local fans, railroad workmen laid 178 feet of siding and towed the 440 out of the Fair Grounds to a temporary location. Her future is uncertain. The State of Nebraska has inspected her boiler and approved it, while the city of Lincoln Park has agreed to the 440's placement in Pioneer Park, next to CB&Q 4-6-0 No. 710.

Fans in that vicinity who want to see the No. 440 operating again, rather than displayed in a park, have formed the Great Plains Railway Co. and hope to buy 85 miles of Chicago & North Western track between Seward and Superior, Neb., reports Ira P. Schreiber, president of the Cornhusker Chapter of NRHS, 4100 Fran Ave., Lincoln, Neb. 68156.

CUMBRES & TOLTEC SCENIC Railroad in Colorado made its last commercial run of the 1972 season on October 22nd, operating a 19-car steam-powered freight train almost exclusively for the benefit of rail photographers. Mikados 483 and 484 doubleheaded from Chama to Cumbres, while railbuffs chased by automobile. At Cumbres, hobbyists boarded coaches pulled by the 484, while the freight went on with 483. At scenic locations, camera bugs unboarded the passenger train, which then moved ahead, while the following freight train passed them for pictures. This novel trip was limited to 80 people, and available seats were quickly sold out. We hope it will be repeated again this year and that other innovative steam roads will operate similar photo specials.

LET there be dancing in the streets of London town!

Mainline steam operation has returned to British Rails after four years of absence. Locomotives privately owned and preserved, if mechanically fit and inspected, may be subleased to British Rail for excursions. BR will provide the crew, while the locomotive's owner must supply the coal and water, raise the steam, and attend to the mechanical necessities. This news has a special interest for me. I recall photographing British steam in regular service in the summer of 1966 and I eagerly await a special multi-steam spectacular, of six or more different engines, to return to England for a renewed acquaintance.

Meanwhile, a famous British loco, the *Bittern,* got up steam last fall for the first time in four years, but there wasn't a puff of smoke in sight, reports J. Rowson, 8 Broadpath Rd., Don Mills, Ont., M36 285, Canada. For when Geoffrey Drury, an English business man, fired up his ex-LNER Pacific, class A4, he complied with a council order at Neville Hill, Leeds, where the *Bittern* is stored, by using smokeless fuel instead of coal. The 34-year-old engine was used on a round trip between York and Scarborough on September 16th, the first steam run in the North since British Rail relaxed its ban on steam. Once outside the smokeless zone, Geoffrey switched to normal fuel.

HAWAII'S only steam tourist line, the L.K. & Pacific Railroad, has unhappily ceased operation after 2½ years of successful operation, apparently because of inability to retire its large indebtedness. For an undisclosed disposition are six miles of 3-foot-gage track, two steam locomotives, and some rolling stock. Before one of these locos was shipped from America to Hawaii I had the pleasure of seeing her being test-run on the East Broad Top in Pennsylvania.

WHEN the Canadian National retired its 6218 last year, the railway figured it had finally operated its last steam locomotive, Joe Nikiel writes in *The Michigan Railfan.* But public interest to have 6218, or some other steamer, put back into service, prompted company officials to reconsider their attitude. Mailbags full of letters were received by Prime Minister Trudeau and the Canadian Transport Commission asking for the return of steam to service. So, No. 6060, a mountain class locomotive, was chosen from a list of 20 steam engines still owned by CN. She was built by Montreal Locomotive Works in 1944.

In August, the 6060,which had been on display at Jasper, Alta., since 1962, was returned to Montreal for a complete overhaul so that she may be returned to service sometime in 1973 (we hope). The 6015, another Mountain class engine, which has been on display at the Canadian Railway Museum at St. Constant, Que., since 1960, was sent to Jasper to replace the 6060.

The company hopes to get permission from the American Government to operate the engine on U.S. lines. If enough money is made on excursion trips, CN is hoping to be able to rebuild some name "passenger coaches" for a complete excursion train. One of the cars they have in mind is the *Pacific,* an observation coach that was used many times in trains for royalty and election campaigns.

Unidentified and unposed girl was actually copying down steam locomotive numbers at the Eastleigh Depot in Hampshire, England, seven years ago, and didn't know she was being photographed by Hugh D. Ramsey, 533 Lowther Road, Bedfordshire, LG 3LP, England. Engine seen here is No. 76066, a standard class 4MT, built by British Rail.

A SANTA FE steam loco not long ago was sitting on a siding at the AT&SF shop yard in San Bernadino, Calif. Does anyone know its future or history? asks Paul Bareford, Southern Pacific brakeman, P.O. Box 803, Pismo Beach, Calif. 93449.

GIFT OF AN 0-6-0. Monolith Portland Midwest Company, of Laramie, Wyoming, has donated their 1920 Lima-built ex-Union Pacific No. 4455 to the Colorado Railroad Museum at Golden, Colorado. The cement firm bought her in 1955 for its Laramie Valley Railway, which was dieselized in 1968. This switcher and another ex-UP 0-6-0, sharing one tender between them, were alternated in service and after the diesel came they were used in stand-by service.

BAD NEWS comes from Englehart, Ont., Canada. The Ontario Northland's operational 2-8-0, No. 137 (ex-Canadian National 2164) was badly damaged in a fire which gutted the ON roundhouse there, totally destroying the cab and possibly the tender also. However, it appears that the flames were not sufficiently hot nor raged long enough to cause metallurgical problems of warping of major items. The 137's future is uncertain, laments Tom Henry, vice president of the Ontarion Rail Association.

Although we'd all like to see this fine old Consolidation restored to service, I suggest that the money and effort needed for such a project should be directed, instead, to the Ontario Northland's handsome 4-6-2, No. 701, now in display in good condition, also at Englehart. The latter would be new for fantrips, while the battered 137 could be cleaned up enough to take the Pacific's place beside the railway station next to the ruined roundhouse.

CENTERVILLE & SOUTHWESTERN steam railroad at Roseland, N.J., has finally banked her fires for the last time after 25 years of successful running. Now that the line is gone, many fans wanted to buy its operable 4-8-4, No. 1501. Instead of selling, the owner, Henry E. Becker of Roseland, has given her to the Henry Ford Museum, Dearborn, Mich.

CANADIAN PACIFIC 4-6-0 No. 1095, long and proudly displayed at Kingston, Ont., where she was built in 1913, is now in deplorable condition. The townspeople regard her as an eyesore and want her scrapped. Vandals probably masquerading as railfans, wrecked her, the engine having been unprotected by a fence. The slim city budget doesn't permit restoring her, but some interested steam buffs might come up with a good proposal for the 1095, perhaps even operating her again.

TWO steam locomotives were brought out of the railway museum in Sydney, Australia, to haul seven sleeping cars, a diner, and 130 steam enthusiasts 800 miles from Sydney to Whyalla. The sentimental journey was arranged by the Rail Transport Museum Society to mark the opening of a new trail line from Port Augusta to Whyalla.

Most of those on the train were members of the society, but some came from as far away as New Zealand to take the trip. The 10-day tour cost $300. One engine used was a 38 class, 30 years old, and the other a 36 class, 46 years old.

Valley Railroad Company Prairie No. 103's whistle echoes along the banks of the Conn. River at a Deep River, Conn., crossing. Railfans, as in picture, like to photograph 8-mile journey of little 2-6-2 hauling open platform coach train north from Essex over picturesque former New Haven track.
Matt Pisani, 34 Leah Drive, Brockton, Mass. 02401

BOOKS of the RAILS

JANE'S WORLD RAILWAYS, 1972-'73, edited by Henry Sampson, 590 pages, 8½x12½ inches, sturdily and handsomely bound, weight about 6½ lbs., about 2,830 photos and maps, two different indexes, McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York City, $55.

As in past years, this standard reference work, monumental in size and scope, gives the most comprehensive and up-to-date coverage of railroads all over the globe. Numerous regular sections of the book cover both the operating and manufacturing sides of railroads. Included are the structures and products of nearly 400 manufacturers in 30 countries, with about 600 pictures of the latest equipment. The Railways section studies more than 1,400 surface lines operating in 116 countries and it contains over 730 illustrations. The Underground Railways section gives details of systems in more than 60 cities, with at least 100 illustrations and maps.

There is also a fascinating review of future trends and developments of the more unconventional forms of rapid transport under research at the moment. In years to come, owners of this massive tome, doing research, will take it down from the shelf now and then to check on some point of reference, such as a then-and-now comparison of rail systems.

RIGHT-OF-WAY: *A Guide to Abandoned Railroads in the U.S.,* by Waldo Nielsen, 124 pages, 8½x10¾", many photos, 2-color maps, full-color cover, Right-of-Way, Box 243, Bend, Ore. 97701, $4.95 postpaid.

The abandonments, including railroad names and states, are mapped and listed separately by state—that is, all potentially accessible roadbeds deserted between 1945 and 1971, plus some between 1939-'44. New York State heads the list with a total of 2,376 miles, followed by Texas, 2,000; Pennsylvania, 1,173, and Iowa, 1,047. There are also a bibliography, a list of bygone railroad showing states served and merger, takeover, or complete abandonment; a list of mergers and abandonments, and a list of leased or controlled lines which lost their identity.

THE ROCK-A-BYE BABY: *A History of the Rockaway Valley Railroad,* by Thomas T. Taber III, 55 pages, 8½x11", paperbound, illustrated with rare photos, maps, old prints, etc., available from the author, 504 S. Main St., Muncy, Pa. 17756, $3 postpaid.

Soon after it came out, this little book sold over 1,000 copies in northern New Jersey, home state of the long-abandoned "Rock-a-Bye" that linked the Lackawanna with the Jersey Central. The author is a professional engineer and historian. He enjoys research and writing about the past but is too shy to let us include him in our series of *Interesting Railfans.* Best-known of Taber's previous six books is *Climax: An Unusual Steam Locomotive.* His style is entertaining and accurate. He likes to universalize a subject—i.e., chronicle a local road in such a way as to exemplify short lines in general, which naturally attracts a wider readership. Besides many illustrations, his new book has a locomotive roster and a bibliography.

PRESERVED CANADIAN RAILWAY EQUIPMENT, by Raymond F. Corley, 64 pages, 8x6", paperback, illustrated with photos, Railfare Enterprises Ltd., Box 1434, Station B, Montreal 110, Canada, $1.95.

Any railfan who lives in Canada or plans to visit there should have this booklet, which goes into details on Canadian railway and industrial locomotives and rolling stock as well as electric railway cars and locos displayed in Canada and elsewhere. Also foreign equipment exhibited in Canada and preserved equipment scrapped or sold, and derelict companies. Norman Lowe and two of our *Interesting Railfans,* Omer Lavallee and Jim Brown, assisted in preparing the booklet. Among the items mentioned is CP Royal Hudson 2839, which is owned by the Royal Hudson Locomotive Co., Ltd., headed by our own Mike Eagleson.

STREAMLINED STEAM: *Review No. 1,* edited by Eric H. Archer, 56 pages, 11x8½", soft cover, illustrated, including full-color front and back covers, Quadrant Press, Inc., 19 W. 44th St., Room 707, New York, N.Y. 10036, $2.95.

Here is a fine pictorial review covering 36 roads in Canada and the U.S., with some text matter but mostly still and action photos, well reproduced. It is the first in a new series of booklets, each dedicated to a single facet of railroad history, operation, service, or equipment. The price is moderate for a quality job.

STEAM LOCOMOTIVES AND HISTORY: *Georgia Railroad and West Point Route,* by Richard E. Prince, 116 pages, 8½x11", stiff covers, illustrated with many photos, maps, etc.; rosters and index, published by the author, 8908 Broadmoor Dr., Omaha, Neb. 68114, $10.

Due to the great demand for this volume, first published in 1962, a second printing is now available. Prince deals with railroading in the Deep South. His well-researched facts and his photo gallery make the book a desirable addition to any railroad library.

THE SANTA FE'S BIG THREE: *The Life Story of a Trio of the World's Greatest Locomotives,* by S. Kip Farrington, Jr., 287 pages, 8½x11½", hard cover, illustrated with photos, diagrams, and scale drawings, index, David McKay Co., New York, $17.95.

Latest in a long list of Farrington titles, several of which your editor reviewed for *The New York Times* years ago, this one

Jim Seacrest, 2101 Birchwood, North Platte, Nebr. 69101

Union Pacific No. 944 heads rare special passenger train on the freight-only ex-St. Joe & Grand Island line at Hastings, Nebraska, May 20, 1969. Occasion was a visit by the Omaha Chamber of Commerce goodwill group "Tribe of Yessir." Five-car consists included coaches, diner, buffet cars.

weighs 3½ pounds and is pack-jammed with facts, figures, and photos that steam fans lap up. The author has personally inspected 52 railroad properties in 37 countries and has ridden business cars on 85 Class 1 lines, gathering data for his books. He categorizes the 2-10-4, 4-6-4, and 4-8-4 as the "Big Three" and goes into minute details on the history, specifications, and performance records of each type. Included are a log of the first dynamometer loco performance test released to the public, a chapter on the longest continuous steam run, and about 100 builder and action shots.

JANE'S FREIGHT CONTAINERS, 1972-'73, edited by Patrick Finlay, 658 pages, 8½x12½", handsomely and sturdily bound, weight about 6½ lbs., copiously illustrated with 1,000 photos, plans, and maps, two different indexes, McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York City, $55.

This great volume, which gives considerable space to railroading, opens on a study of port facilities and inland transport in Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia, and the Americas. Subsequent sections deal with ship operators and non-vessel operating carriers, equipment leasing and ship charters, container and equipment manufacturers, international air freight; and future trends. ●

Abandonments

Penn Central-1.4 miles, Canoe Creek branch, Indiana and Jefferson counties, Pa.; 0.6 miles, Emigh Run branch, Cambria County, Pa., 0.6 miles, Luther branch, Cambria County, Pa.; 5.9 miles, Youngood to Trauger, Pa.

Baltimore & Ohio – 2.91 miles, Boswell branch, Coal Jct. to Boswell, Pa.; 9.49 miles, portion Morgantown and Kingwood branch, Reedsville to Kingwood, W. Va.

Rock Island – 57.34 miles, Bridgeport to Graham, Texas; 1 mile, Peoria to Alta, Ill.

Oregon Short Line and Union Pacific – 6.95 miles, Kemmerer branch, Kemmer, Wyo.

Chicago & North Western – 12.8 miles, Winthrop to Klossner, Minn.

Louisville & Nashville – 11.79 miles, Coalmont to Palmer, Tenn.

Burlington Northern – 9.51 miles, Randolf to Sudney, Iowa.

Milwaukee – 1.25 miles, Grace St. to Montrose Ave., and Montrose Ave. to Bryn Mawr Ave., Chicago.

Total miles of abandonments authorized by ICC for Dec. '72 – 121.54

Proposed Abandonments

Penn Central – Uniontown to South Uniontown, Pa.; Kings Creek to Crisfield, Md.; Potts Run to Carnwath, Pa.; Bradford to East Greenville, Ohio,; Greenville to New Paris, Ohio; Bellefonte secondary track, Lemont to Coburn, Pa.; portion Springfield branch, Arcanum to Glen Karn, Ohio, and Shirley to Wilkinson, Ind.

Burlington Northern – Brisbin to Gardiner, Mont.; Grant City to Albany Jct., Mo.

Baltimore & Ohio and Pittsburgh & Western – Bruin to Mt. Jewett, P. ●

Coming Events

April 7-8: Railroad Buffs Assn. '73 Mini-Convention, N.Y. City, parlor car; other train rides, banquet. Contact Robt. Epstein, trip chairman, 117-14 Union Turnpike, Kew Gardens N.Y. 11415.

April 29-May 20: Caribbean cruise and rail trip, incl. Disney World, return on Amtrak Sunset to West Coast. Contact Jim Weinberger, tour director, Pacific Coast Chapter, R&LHS, Box 3552, San Francisco, Calif. 94119.

May 26-27: Hoboken, N.J., to Binghamton, N.Y., steam spectacular via Erie Lackawanna, 410 miles round trip behind Reading 2102, movie run-bys, photo stops, $39.95 adults, kids under 12, $22. all seats reserved. Third annual Golden Spike Reunion Banquet, Binghamton, Sat. eve, May 26, $7.50. Contact The High Iron Co., Inc., P.O. Box 200, Lebanon, N.J. 08833, or call 201 236-2200. ●

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The books are available only by mail. *Railroad Magazine Book Service*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Here are a few suggestions:

	List Price	Our Price
PORTRAIT OF THE RAILS, Don Ball	$19.95	($18.75)
THE RED ARROW, by R. DeGraw	$25.00	($23.75)
400,000 MILES BY RAIL, by Blanton	$ 8.50	($ 8.05)
NARROW GAUGE RYS. OF CANADA, by Lavallee	$11.95	($11.35)
MILWAUKEE ROADS WEST, by Wood	$14.95	($14.25)
THE SEARCH FOR STEAM, by Collias	$15.00	($14.25)
ELECTRIC RAILWAY DICTIONARY, (reprint)	$19.95	($19.00)
PIKE'S PEAK COG ROAD, by Morris Abbott	$12.95	($12.35)
WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD, Richard Reinhardt	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
THE IRON HORSE, by Henry Comstock	$17.50	($16.70)
RAILROAD AVENUE, by Freeman Hubbard	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
THE RAILROAD SCENE, by Wm. Middleton	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
THE RAILROAD CABOOSE, by Wm. F. Knapke	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
GREAT POEMS OF RAILROAD MAGAZINE	$ 4.95	($ 4.70)
BESSEMER & LAKE ERIE, 1869-1969, Beaver	$10.00	($ 9.50)
CAR-BUILDER'S DICTIONARY, Forney	$19.95	($19.00)
CANADIAN NAT. STEAM POWER, Clegg and Corley	$12.95	($12.30)
LAKE SUPERIOR RAILROADS, by Dorin	$10.95	($10.40)
L&N STEAM LOCOMOTIVES, by Richard Prince	$12.50	($11.90)
SOUTH SHORE INTERURBAN, by Wm. Middleton	$10.00	($ 9.50)
TO THE MOUNTAINS BY RAIL, by Wakefield	$15.00	($14.25)
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD K-4S, H. P. Albrecht	$ 3.00	($ 2.85)
INTERURBAN INTERLUDE, by E. J. Quinby	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
PENNSY POWER II, by Staufer and Pennypacker	$15.00	($14.25)
TRAIN WATCHER'S GUIDE TO CHICAGO	$ 3.15	($ 3.00)
HEADLIGHTS & MARKERS, by Donovan and Henry	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
MEXICAN NARROW GAUGE, by Gerald M. Best	$ 7.50	($ 7.15)
AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES, by John H. White	$20.00	($19.00)
THE AMERICAN STEAM LOCO, Vol. I	$14.50	($13.75)
OVER THE HILLS TO WOODSTOCK, by Mead	$ 3.50	($ 3.35)
MORRISTOWN & ERIE, by T. T. Tabet III	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
THE ULSTER & DELAWARE, by G. M. Best	$12.95	($12.35)
20TH CENTURY, by Lucius Beebe	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
DELAWARE & HUDSON, by Shaughnessy	$15.00	($14.25)
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THE SHAY LOCOMOTIVE, by Michael Koch	$19.50	($18.55)
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RAILS TO BLUE RIDGE, by H. H. Harwood	$ 4.50	($ 4.25)
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THE TRAINS WE RODE, Beebe and Clegg, Vol. I	$15.00	($14.25)
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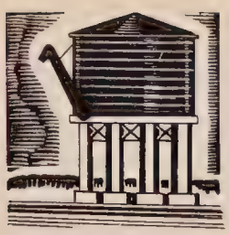

WEST of the WATER TOWER

by Freeman Hubbard

DRYDEN was a lonely spot on the bleak Texas prairie: just a one-room wooden depot, a water tower, and a boxlike section house in which a few isolated trackmen lived. There were no other buildings. On the chilly night of March 12, 1912, when a big orange moon pushed long shadows after the telegraph poles that marched across the sea of buffalo grass, the *Sunset Express* stopped there for water.

Inside the first car, David Trousdale, a young express messenger, and his helper listened in vain for the sound of water gurgling down from the dripping spout into the tender. All they heard was the hiss of steam escaping from the locomotive and an indistinct murmur of voices. Then the Southern Pacific train moved on, but stopped again, unexpectedly, a mile or so west of the water tower. This puzzled Dave. Why hadn't the engine taken on water? And why were they dilly-dallying here late at night in the middle of no place?

At that moment someone rapped on the side door of his car and a familiar voice announced: "Mista Trousdale, theah's a gen'leman heah to see you."

Dave was tall and wiry, with shrewd gray eyes. Unbolting the door, he cautiously slid it open. The kerosene lamp suspended from a wall bracket in the express car shed a faint glow over two figures that loomed up on the cinders below. One he recognized as the Pullman porter. The other, a six-footer with black cloth masking the lower part of his face, was aiming at Dave a deadly Winchester that glistened in the moonlight.

"Don't blame me, Mista Trousdale!" said the frightened porter. "This heah gen'leman —"

"Shut up!" warned the stranger. "And you in that car, keep the door open! I'm a-comin' in and I want no funny business."

Dave gave him a hard stare but, not wishing to be a target, spoke calmly, "Come ahead!"

As the masked man climbed into the car, Dave looked askance at the rifle held ready for action and the high-caliber pistol holstered to a fancy belt.

"Where's yore gun?" asked the man.

"I haven't got any."

"Don't lie to me, kid; I'm not new in this game. And keep yore hands up!" He deftly frisked the young expressman but found no weapon. "Stand still right where yuh are!"

Then, opening the drawer of Dave's small roughly-built desk, he found a Smith & Wesson revolver and thrust it into his pocket.

"Smart, ain't yuh?"

The railroader said nothing.

"Bring me all the sealed packages yuh got! Yuh know, the kind that's worth dough."

Dave knew, all right. His job was to protect those shipments; but seeing that the trigger man meant business, he fumbled through the safe and handed over a number of them.

"Why don't yuh fight back?" jeered the robber. "A great guy, Wells Fargo must be proud of yuh."

"I do my duty," the messenger said coldly, "but I wouldn't fight an armed man with my bare hands."

"I said yuh was smart."

The tall desperado picked up the sealed packages a few at a time, toted them outside, and dropped them onto the dark grass-covered ground beside some mail pouches taken from the Railway Post Office car just behind. Then he slit open a mail pouch with a penknife and dumped the loot into it. Dave watched every move, warily glancing around the express car in search of a weapon. Then suddenly he hid a smile. There, on top of a barrel of oysters, lay a heavy wooden mallet which he had often used to crush ice!

It's just the thing, he decided, but how the devil can I get that *hombre* back into my car? And even if I do, how could I edge over to the mallet and pick it up without him seeing me?

Gradually a plan shaped up in his brain. He cautiously laid a small parcel on the floor beside the oyster barrel; then he called out to the bandit: "Mister, you passed up the most valuable package of all."

The man snapped his bait. "Where 'bouts?"

"Right here in my car."

"Okay, I'll git it now; but don't go gittin' any bright ideas!"

As he climbed back into the express car, the gunman prodded Dave with his rifle. The messenger winced. A slight misstep might pull the trigger. But this was one of the hazards of his job that Dave had been warned against when he signed up for the long run between El Paso and San Antonio. He thought ruefully of the six-shooter that had been issued to him and was now in the robber's pocket. When they reached the oyster barrel, Dave pointed with a foot to the package on the floor.

"There it is, stranger!"

Caught off guard, the desperado bent over to pick it up. In that instant Dave seized the wooden mallet and whacked him a powerful blow on the head. The man tried to rise, spun around crazily, and fell to the floor. Dave stared at the prone figure with blood seeping from the twisted mouth.

"He's dead!"

The messenger's helper, coming into the car with a mail clerk, said solemnly: "Good for you, Trousdale! That bozo didn't even know what hit him."

"I reckon not," muttered Dave. "Where's the conductor?"

"Oh, he's back at the water tower with the rest of the train. Didn't you know that the gunmen uncoupled the Pullmans and coaches and left 'em behind?"

"No, I didn't. Why, how many men are there?"

"Just one more, Trousdale. He's around here somewhere."

Dave nodded grimly. "We'll fix him a surprise party."

Disarming the dead bandit, he kept the Winchester himself and handed his own revolver to his helper and the desperado's pistol to the mail clerk. Nervous tension filled the air.

"You fellows stay here! We'll douse the lights and mebbe he'll show up a-looking for his partner."

All three waited in the darkness for what seemed like eternity. No sound could be heard except a far-off coyote howling at the moon and the steady *chug-chug-chug* of the engine's air pump recharging itself. Dave pulled out his watch but could not see the time. At length he said: "Mebbe this will fetch him."

Aiming the rifle at the ceiling, he pressed the trigger. A deafening roar filled the car. The three railroaders kept very still and listened. Bye and bye they heard the patter of running feet, and then a shadowy masked figure appeared at the car door and called up: "Hey, Ben, is that you?"

The men waiting inside the car held their breath and kept out of sight. The newcomer, clutching a rifle, scrambled in gingerly through the open door. Dave drew a bead on him. The Winchester spat a vicious stream of flame and the bandit fell dead beside his companion.

Thereupon Dave walked up to the cab, told the engine crew what had happened, and calmly returned to his car. The hogger yanked his whistle cord. Three short blasts pierced the chilly Texas night air. The head end of the train backed up to the water tower, coupled into the other cars, and soon was rolling west-

ward again, with a long smoke plume that climbed up against the stars.

At Sanderson, the next stop, the two bloodstained bodies were laid on a hand-pulled baggage truck outside the depot for all who cared to see. After daylight, a local photographer took a gruesome picture of the pair propped into upright position. Copies of that picture are still extant.

Then came a surprise. Dave had guessed that the two men were run-of-the-mill crooks. Instead, they turned out to be Ben Kilpatrick and Ole Beck, notorious badmen who had been cell mates in the Federal pen at Atlanta until their release a few weeks before. Kilpatrick was known all over the country as "the Tall Texan." For a decade he had been a member of Butch Cassidy's "Hole in the Wall" gang which, from an almost impregnable natural fortress in Wyoming, had raided banks and trains in half a dozen states. At the time Kilpatrick was captured in St. Louis in 1901 with a gun moll named Laura Bullion, he had about $125,000 worth of unsigned stolen currency in his possession.

So David Trousdale really hit the jackpot when he felled those two gunfighters. But he didn't learn about it until later. Meanwhile, on board the *Sunset Express,* the grateful passengers passed a broad-brimmed Stetson hat and collected more than fifty dollars in cash which they gave him.

"Aw, shucks!" the messenger said modestly. "You might think I was a hero or something. I just had a lucky break, that's all."

Officials of Wells, Fargo & Company gave him a 23-jewel gold watch, suitably inscribed. Telegrams from far and wide offered Dave a better job, but the young man shook his head. Said he preferred railroadin'.

Twenty-three years passed, years of war, boom, and bust. One day in August, 1935, a few months after the death of the last known member of the "Hole in the Wall" gang, an unexpected event happened. Someone had looked up the old records and reported the matter to Congress. As a result, both houses passed a bill, which President F.D. Roosevelt signed, giving Ben Kilpatrick's slayer a thousand dollars reward for having blocked a mail-car stickup west of the water tower in 1912.

David Trousdale, gray about the temples and still bashful to the point of self-depreciation, was working on the *Sunset* when the news came from Washington. Thrusting both hands into his pockets, he drawled: "Well, can you tie that?" ●

Delaware & Hudson Railroad

Locomotive Roster Compiled by Sy Reich

Railroad Class	Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt	Tractive Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
P-20	16-18	2000	Alco-GE	PA-2	A1A-A1A	33,600	317,900	1948	22
P-20	19	2000	Alco-GE	PA-2	A1A-A1A	33,600	317,900	1947	22
RS-23	301-316	2250	GE	U23B	B-B	57,200	264,000	1969	26
RF-27	601-609	2750	Alco Pr.	DL-628	C-C	85,800	390,000	1964	
RF-27	610-618	2750	Alco Pr.	DL-628	C-C	85,800	390,000	1965	
RF-30	701-706	3000	GE	U30C	C-C	85,800	390,000	1967	
RF-30	707-712	3000	GE	U30C	C-C	90,600	390,000	1967-8	
RF-33	751-753	3300	GE	U33C	C-C	90,600	390,000	1968	25
RF-33	754-762	3300	GE	U33C	C-C	90,600	390,000	1970	
RF-36	801	3600	GM-EMD	SD45	C-C	82,100	390,000	1966	23
RF-36	802-803	3600	GM-EMD	SD45	C-C	82,100	390,000	1966	23
S-10	3000-3001	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	34,000	230,000	1944	1,2,3
S-10	3002-3011	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	34,000	230,000	1945	1,2,3,4,5,6
S-10	3012-3016	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	34,000	230,000	1947	1,3,6,7
S-10	3017-3026	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	34,000	230,000	1948	1,3,7,8,10, 11,12,14,15
S-10	3027-3032	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	34,000	230,000	1949	1,2,3,12,13
S-10	3033-3050	1000	Alco-GE	S4	B-B	34,000	230,000	1950	1,2,14,15, 16,21,24,27
RS-15	4000-4004	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	53,000	253,500	1946	2,18
RSP-15	4005-4006	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	53,000	253,000	1947	2,18,28
RSP-15	4007-4013	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	53,000	253,000	1948	2,18,29
RSP-15	4014-4025	1500	Alco-GE	RS-2	B-B	53,000	253,000	1949	2,3,18,28,29
RS-15	4026-4049	1500	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	53,000	247,600	1950-1	2,17,18,31
RS-15	4050-4051	1500	MCGE	RS-2	B-B	53,000	246,400	1950	18,19
RS-15	4052-4054	1500	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	53,000	247,600	1951	18,31
RS-15	4055-4069	1500	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	53,000	248,000	1952	18,28,29,31
RS-15	4070-4094	1500	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	53,000	248,000	1952	18,28,29,31 32,33,34
RS-15	4095-4119	1500	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	53,000	248,000	1952	18,28,29,31 33,34,35
RS-15	4120-4129	1500	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	53,000	248,000	1953	18,35
RS-18	5000-5002	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	53,000	245,000	1961	20
RS-18	5003-5005	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	53,000	245,000	1961	20
RS-18	5006-5011	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-11	B-B	53,000	246,800	1961	
RS-18	5012-5023	1800	Alco Pr.	RS-36	B-B	53,000	259,800	1963	

Notes on D&H Roster

Roster was compiled from data supplied by D&H chief mechanical officer, GMR treasurer, Naporano Iron & Metal, VTR, UM&P gen. supt., OB&PA railroad supervisor, C&CV gen. manager, PT chief mechanical officer-engineering, EL senior chief mechanical officer, Allied Chemical supervisor railroad, United Railway Supply president, George R. Silcott, TRRASD operational assistant, K&T president, Precision National's Locomotive Div., Manufacturers' Equipment Co., LIRR mechanical engineer, BCK mechanical foreman, SB vice pres. and Supt., SJ&LC vice pres. and gen. manager, T&N administrative assistant. It is accurate as of August 14, 1972.

Locomotive builders: Alco-GE, American Locomotive Co.-General Electric Co.; GE, General Electric Co.; Alco Pr., Alco Products; GM-EMD, General Motors, Electro Motive Div.; MCGE, Montreal Locomotive Works-Canadian General Electric Co. Tractive effort is at a continuous rating and is in pounds; weight also is in pounds.

These units are still on roster: 301-314, 316, 601-618, 701-712, 751-762, 801-803, 4050-4051, 4068, 4071, 4075, 4078, 4082, 4084-4085, 4094, 4099, 4103, 4106-4107, 4110, 4112-4113, 4115-4116, 4118-4119, 4121-4122, 4124-4128, 5000-5023.

Numbered notes are as follows:

(1) 3000-3050 were originally class DES-69.

(2) Units scrapped: 3000 (10/18/62); 3008 (1/3/63); 3029 (1/13/64); 3043 (3/1/65); 3040 (11/27/67); 4000-4004 (4/28/61); 4006-4008; 4010-4011; 4014-4018; 4027; 4036-4040; 4043, 4045.

(3) 3001, 3003, 3013, 3020, 3025, 3027, 3030, 4019-4020 sold to Long Island Rail Road, renumbered 444 (10/12/62), 445 (10/29/62), 443 (1/2/64), 440 (1/2/64), 439 (6/15/64), 441 (6/15/64), 442 (6/15/64), 1519-1520.

(4) 3002, 3005, 3006 sold to Buffalo Creek Railroad, renumbered 48 (12/24/55), 50 (8/8/56), 49 (12/29/55).

(5) 3004, 3007, 3009, 3010 sold to South Buffalo Railroad, renumbered 100-103 (2/19/56, 2/9/56, 2/13/56, 2/13/56). SB 101-103 were renumbered SB 88 (2nd), 73 (2nd), 72 (2nd).

(6) 3011, 3015 sold to Albany Port District Railroad, renumbered 5 (11/5/62), 6 (12/13/67).

(7) 3012, 3014, 3016, 3017 sold to Erie Railroad, renumbered 530-533 (11/7/55), reclassed SA-10. Inherited by Erie Lackawanna, these units were renumbered 530-533, class SA-10. EL 533 sold to Naporano Iron & Metal (1/72).

(8) 3018, 3022 sold to Birmingham Railway & Locomotive (12/5/63), then to Terminal Railway Alabama State Docks, renumbered 481, 482 (12/63). (9) Omitted.

(10) 3019 sold to Alpha Portland Cement, renumbered no number' (8/13/64).

(11) 3021 sold to Manufacturers' Equipment Co. (2/10/66), then to Upper Merion & Plymouth, renumbered 3021 (3/66), then to George R. Silcott (2/72), then to GE.

(12) 3024, 3031, 3032 sold to New York Central (6/18/65). Parts of these locomotives were used to repair NYC 8505, 851, and 869, which were renumbered NYC 9605, 9704, 9705; then PC 9605, 9704, 9705. The remains of 3031 was sold by NYC to GE, then to Monongahela Connecting for conversion to slug 177.

(13) 3028 sold to Kentucky & Tennessee, renumbered 104 (9/17/65).

(14) 3023, 3034, 3035, 3037, 3039, 3049 sold to Relco Equipment Co. (1/69, 2/7/66, 1/69, 1/69, 2/7/66, 2/7/66). 3023, 3035, 3037 were renumbered Relco 1008, 1007, 3037.

(15) 3026, 3036, 3050 sold to Green Mountain Railroad, renumbered 302 (10/24/69), 303 (3/11/66), 305 (10/24/69).

(16) 3048 sold to Ogdensburg Bridge & Port Authority, renumbered 1.

(17) 4041-4042, 4044, 4046-4048 sold to Pennsylvania Railroad, renumbered 4041-4042, 4044, 4046-4048 (1/8/58). These units were traded to GE for new PRR power in 1965.

(18) 4000-4129 were originally class DERS-60.

(19) 4050-4051 are Napierville Junction Railroad units.

(20) 5000-5005 were built as NYC 8009-8014 but never used by NYC.

(21) 3041, 3045, 3047 sold to Portland Terminal, renumbered 1061-1063 (8/18/67, 8/18/67, 9/29/67).

(22) 16-18 were originally Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe 59L, 60L, 62L; then D&H 16-18 (12/67). 19 was originally ATSF 54B, then ATSF 66L, then D&H 19 (12/67). 17, 19 sold to GE.

(23) 801-803 were originally GM-EMD demonstrators 4354, 4352-4353; then D&H 801-803. They were leased to EL as EL 801-803.

(24) 3033, 3038, 3044, 3046 sold to Altoona Freight Car & Parts Co. (6/12/68, 6/12/68, 11/1/66), then to Texas & Northern, renumbered 15, 16, 14, 13. (11/1/66).

(25) 751-753 were originally EL 3301-3303, then leased to D&H as D&H 751-753.

(26) 315 destroyed in accident at Mechanicville, N.Y. (4/30/71).

(27) 3042 sold to Manufacturers' Equipment Co. (11/70); then to Allied Chemical, renumbered 2.

(28) These units sold to Precision National and scrapped: 4005, 4021, 4061, 4064, 4081, 4123.

(29) These units sold to GE in trade for new power: 4009 (5/67); 4012 (3/8/71); 4013; 4023 (7/19/71); 4024-4025; 4055 (11/19/68); 4057; 4058 (11/19/68); 4062; 4066; 4076 (9/3/68); 4077 (10/20/68); 4079 (12/31/68); 4080 (4/30/71); 4083; 4087; 4089; 4090 (5/10/68); 4092 (4/68); 4093 (10/21/68); 4095 (6/24/68); 4100 (4/2/68); 4101 (5/29/68); 4102 (7/20/68); 4104 (6/14/68); 4108; 4111 (12/31/68); 4114 (11/19/68).

(30) 4022 sold to Cooperstown & Charlotte Valley, renumbered 100.

(31) These units sold to Alco in trade for new power: 4026; 4028-4035; 4049; 4052-4054; 4056; 4059-4060; 4063; 4065; 4067; 4069-4070; 4072; 4074; 4086; 4105; 4109.

(32) 4073 sold to St. Johnsbury & Lamoille County, renumbered 4073.

(33) 4088, 4096 sold to Naporano Iron & Metal.

(34) 4091, 4098 sold to Vermont Ry., renumbered 603-604.

(35) 4097, 4117, 4120, 4129 sold to United Railway Supply, renumbered 4097, 4117, 4120, 4129. ●

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

OPERATING steam locos, trolley cars, and other historic rolling stock of Puget Sound Railroad Museum at Snoqualmie Falls, Wash., now have a long lease on life, thanks to recent action by the Washington State Parks & Recreation Commission. The Commission accepted a Parks Dept. staff report which calls for creation of a State Railroad Interpretive Center in the Snoqualmie depot, 30 miles east of Seattle, and operation of steam passenger trains and trolleys over an 11-mile segment of Burlington Northern's North Bend branch between North Bend and Preston.

The Commission accepted the promised donation of 3½ miles of the branch, which the railroad will give after the line is abandoned. Negotiations are under way for the acquisition of additional trackage to make up the difference between the 3½-mile stretch and the proposed 11-mile run, and a 25-acre area for shops, roundhouse, and display site.

Inside Track, issued by Ann Arbor train enthusiasts, recently ran a piece pointing out to members what stores in the area sell *Railroad Magazine.* This might be a good service for members of railfan groups elsewhere.

British Railways report a sales boom in coaches from the *Brighton Belle,* last of the nation's old-style luxury trains discontinued in April '72. Most of the *Brighton Belle's* 15 cars have been sold to British collectors and business concerns for up to $19,500 for a single coach. The *Belle* carried the rich, the famous, and the ordinary commuter between London and Brighton for nearly 75 years. The coaches date from 1932, when the train changed from steam to electric power.

The New Hope Chapter of NRHS, in conjunction with the New Hope & Ivyland R.R., announces a reversal of the trend toward increasingly more expensive fantrips. Several chapter members have purchased and restored ex-Pennsy doodlebug No. 4666 a rare example of the railcars that served branches in the New Jersey-Pennsylvania area until the mid-1960's. Having passed an ICC inspection, the 4666 (Brill, 1930), with windows that open, is available for charter trips.

For $6 per rider (minimum of 25 passengers), 4666 can be chartered as a private train over the entire NH&I. Maximum capacity is 75, but a caboose can hold additional passengers if necessary. Any group can choose its own photo stops and run-bys and can photograph at least one meet with steam or diesel power if the trip is run on a Saturday. NH&I will endeavor to spot suitable equipment for pix.

The volunteer-operated road is trying to get out of bankruptcy and faces abandonment unless it can improve its traffic potential. This might be a good step in the right direction in keeping the 17-mile pike operating. Write New Hope & Ivyland R.R., New Hope, Pa. 18938, or phone 215-862-2506.

Workers recently uncovered a fireplace dating back to 1909 in the Western Pacific station at Stockton, Calif., that had been sealed for years. The depot, without passenger service since the last *California Zephyr* rolled out, is being refurbished as a Police Youth Activities center.

My hobby is collecting railroad records. Who will supply names and addresses of record companies or dealers which have Canadian and Mexican railroad sounds?—Geoffrey Shepherd, 809 W. Discovery Rd., SP 26, San Marcos, Calif. 92069.

Former Great Northern car 03132 has been donated to mid-Continent Railway Historical Society at North Freedom, Wis., by the Burlington Northern. This unusual business car was used by the James J. Hill family in the 1920's. A unique feature is its folding platform door-wall, which allows an auto to be loaded into the rear area.

The other day I treated myself to a Jersey Central fantrip from Elizabeth to Wharton, N.J. Many changes have occurred since the days of steam trips over the same route behind the famous old CNJ Pacifics. Just as we crossed Bayonne bridge, submarine *USS Ling* was towed around the bend en route to her final resting place in Hackensack, where she will become a submarine memorial.—Hal Carstens, publisher, *Railroad Model Craftsman,* 31 Arch St., Ramsey, N.J.

In the past ten years Charles Wood has amassed over 275 toy trains and 1,000 feet of model railroad track in the basement of his home at 1163 Raymond St., N.W., Warren, Ohio 44485. His layout consists of 17 trains operating on two levels of a 32x14-foot platform. One of his models is New York's Grand Central Terminal. Charlie also repairs and rebuilds model equipment for customers. He belongs to the Train Collectors Asso. and the Toy Train Operators Society, which boasts 4,000 members.

One of Haywire Mac's best LP records, including such songs as his famous *Big Rock Candy Mountains* and *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum,* among others, may be had for $4.75 postpaid in U.S.A. from J.T. Flaherty, 65 Walter Ave., West Hartford, Conn. 06119. (See photo on page 45.)

For over 30 years I have been collecting material on trains, which I plan to give eventually to the University of Kentucky, and on circuses, destined in time for either of two circus museums at Baraboo, Wis., and Sarasota, Fla. Would someone be interested in coming here to see these collections and possibly writing a book about them?—W.B. Griffin, 406 Security Trust Bldg., Lexington, Ky.

Southern Railway recently donated ex-Central of Georgia caboose X3136 to Orange Grove Center for the Retarded, 615 Derby St., Chattanooga, Tenn., which plans to utilize the interior for a railroad-type display including, eventually, a small model layout built on one of the lockers. Anyone knowing of incidents involving the X3136, or having pix, contact Wm. A. Varnell at the Center.

No longer do the elements interfere with the operations of National Railroad Museum at Green Bay, Wis. The museum has completed a 470x99-foot steel trainshed, with all five tracks in place and the area in between paved with asphalt. For the first time all their locos, historic passenger and freight cars, and other items are fully protected.

A fine, illustrated, paperbound book of 62 big pages, *35 Years,* is a history of the Pacific Coast Chapter, R&LHS. It may be had at $3.50 from Don Thrall, treasurer, 610 Arlington Avenue, Berkeley, Calif. 94707.

Add Arkansas and Missouri to the list of states that issue highway maps with railroads. Address Arkansas State Highway Dept., State Highway Bldg., Little Rock, Ark., and Missouri State Highway Commission, Div, of Surveys and Plans, Jefferson City, Mo., reports Steve Squibb, Rte. 1, Bolivar, Mo. 65613.

470 Club member Paul Fuller of Vermont Railway Museum has purchased Maine Central flanger 1139 and plow 40. The flanger is in West Stewartstown while No. 40 is at St. Johnsbury. The museum is located on Rte. 5 in East Ryegate, a little Vermont town.

Pen Pals Wanted

T.F. Moroney (39), Box 15, Mocksville, N.C. 27028 wants male and female pen pals interested in SAL, ACL, SOU, FEC; also active and retired employes of those roads.

Mary Brockus (17), 205 W. 5th, Moulton, Iowa 52572.

Rusty Bareford (18), P.O. Box 1632, Oceanside, Calif. 92054, in Marine Corps, likes to hear from female railfans.

Liza Papaya (26), 269 P. del Osario Extension, Cebu City, Philippines.

Joseph R. Razek (33), 3314 Sheffield Dr., Arlington, Tex-

Railcamera fan Mrs. Susan Krug takes after her hobbyist father, Fred A. Stindt, chairman of the Pacific Coast Chapter of R&LHS, 978 Emerald Hill Road, Redwood City, Calif. 94061. We see her photographing the Melbourne (Australia) Museum of Transport. The unit in the background was one of the electrics operating in Melbourne suburban service.

(c) Melbourne Herald & Weekly Times (used in R&LHS book "35 Years")

as 76013, going to Athens and Far East next summer to take railpix; wants to hear from fans who live there or have been there.

Lee A. Miller (18), Box 537, Metamore, Ill. 61548, answers all correspondents.

Susan Palin (11), daughter of British Rail employe. 82 Somerville St., Crewe, Cheshire, England, wants girl pen friend of similar age.

R.H. Dellinger, P.O. Box 495, Birmingham, Ala. 35206, swaps picture postcards.

Joan Lappink (16), Box 874, Milford, Utah 84751.

Billy Joe Cartee, not Carter, (40), Rte. 3, Box 392, Cullman, Ala. 35055, wants pen pals interested in picture postcards.

Lydita Jayson, 210 Real St., Tacloban City, I-247, Philippines.

Dale Rice (15), 8244 Vallejo St., Denver, Colo., answers all mail.

Mrs. Olga Nelson (67), 500 Hill St., Shelbyville, Tenn. 37160.

Barbara Firth (17), 1003 N. Adoline Ave., Fresno, Calif. 93728.

Ruth Dickson (18), 1175 E. 48th Ave., Vancouver 15, B.C., Canada.

J. Thomas DeWindt, 7411 Suzzex Pl., New Orleans, La. 70126, wants pen pals interested in East Broad Top RR.

Mrs. Marion Park (45) and Miss Barbara Park (23), 814 S. 8th St., Nashville, Tenn. 37206.

Hal Katz (39), 570 Grand Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Glenda Spencer (21), Box 40456, San Francisco, Calif. 94140.

Brenda Adkins (15), Rte. 1, Box 211, Hinton, W. Va. 25951.

Mrs. Betty Conley (38), 628 S. 7th St., Nashville, Tenn. 37206.

Mrs. Ruby Raymer (64), 505 Fatherland St., Nashville, Tenn. 37206.

Roster Corrections

Thanks to A. Kristopans, we got more data from the Chicago South Shore & South Bend on their locomotives. The following groups of electrics were built by Baldwin-Westinghouse: 1001-1004, 80-ton, B+B, built 1925; 1005-1006, 53-ton, B+B, built 1927; and 1007-1010, 80-ton, B+B, built 1928.

1001-1002 were scrapped in 1955, 1003 in 1956, and 1004 in 1955. 1005-1006 sold to the Niagara Junction, renumbered 11-10 (1941). NJ 11 was sold to Cornwall Street Railway Light & Power for parts (1950). 1007-1008 scrapped in 1956, 1009 scrapped in 1955. 1010 scrapped in 1957. 1011-1013 sold to George R. Silcott (1967), who sold them to Precision Engineering, which scrapped them. 1014 scrapped in 1957.

Two electric locos numbered 505-506 were BW B+B's built in 1916. Sold to St. Clair Tunnel Co., renumbered 9175-9176 (3/27), then renumbered Canadian National 175-176. Both scrapped in 1959. According to the CN, these units were built in 1918.

CSS&SB leased some Chesapeake & Ohio diesels. CSS&SB 602-607 were formerly C&O 9555, 9556, 9557, 5063, 9553, and 5065. All were renumbered from their C&O numbers and given CSS&SB heralds. Later, all were returned to C&O and given back their original numbers. CSS&SB also leased C&O 5704, 5754, 5770, 5796, 5747, 5764, 5778, 5833, and 5839. None were renumbered, but 5747, 5764, 5778, 5833, and 5839 had CSS&SB heralds applied. These five units are still leased by CSS&SB.

The following corrections also come from A. Kristophans: Add to the Chicago & Illinois Western listing: 1, a 600-hp Alco HH 600 with a B-B wheel arrangement, 50,600 lbs. of tractive effort, weighing 202,400 lbs. It was built in 1935 and scrapped in Feb. '52.

Note 134 should read: C&WI 256, 260 sold to Manufacturers Equipment and George R. Silcott, then to the Genessee & Wyoming,renumbered 43-44. G&W 44 sold to Eastman Kodak, renumbered 9 (1972). C&WI 252-253, 255, 257, 261, 263 sold to Precision Engineering (1969). C&WI 254, 262 sold to Precision Engineering (1970). C&WI 257 resold to the Hartford & Slocumb, renumbered 257 (5/71). C&WI 261 resold to Chattahoochee Industrial, renumbered 116. C&WI 262 resold to G&W for spare parts.

Add to the Chicago River & Indiana listing DES-4 class units 567-573, 600-hp GM-EMC model SC's with B-B wheel arrangements, 50,500 lbs. of tractive effort, and 202,000 lbs. of weight, built in 1936. They were sold to New York Central, renumbered 567-573. NYC 570 was sold to Empire Coke Co., renumbered 570. The other units were scrapped.

Note 42 should read: CWP&S 51 was originally Mississippi Central 210, then CWP&S 51 (1964). This unit is leased from Illinois Central through George R. Silcott.

Note 142 should read: These EJ&E units were retired: 804 (3/30/72), 806 (3/26/71), 807 (3/30/72), 808 (3/26/71), and 809 (3/30/72). EJ&E 808 sold to Rail-to-water Transfer, renumbered 101. EJ&E 804 sold to Delray Connecting (10/72).

Note 157 should read: IN 34 scrapped (1968). IN 29-33 were retired (1972).

Note 158 should read: MJ 7 was originally GM-EMD demonstrator 700, then MJ 7 (1/53).

Note 159 should read: TP&W 1000 was originally GM-EMD demonstrator 21, then TP&W 1000 (1969).

From George R. Silcott comes these corrections: Note 10 should read: BRC 304, 306 sold to Precision Engineering (5/25/65). 304 scrapped (1/67). 306 sold to Green River Steel Co., renumbered 306 (1/67). BRC 305 sold to George R. Silcott, then to Relco Equipment (1972).

Note 30 should read: CSL 26-27 were originally Mississippi Central 208, 204; then George R. Silcott 208, 204, then CSL 26-27 (1964, 1965).

Note 41 should read: CWP&S 49-50 were originally Detroit, Toledo & Ironton 910-911, then CWP&S 49-50. CWP&S 49 sold to George R. Silcott, then resold to Weyerhaeuser Co., renumbered D-10 (1969); then sold to Texas, Oklahoma & Eastern, renumbered D-10. CWP&S 50 sold to George R. Silcott, then to Interlake Steel.

Note 47 should read: EJ&E 206 sold to Louisiana Midland or the South Shore Railway, renumbered 206 (8/13/55); then to George R. Silcott; then to Empire Coke, renumbered 206. EJ&E 207 sold to the Georgia & Florida (4/25/55), renumbered 73; scrapped (3/64). EJ&E 208 sold to South Shore Ry. (6/10/55). The two South Shore units were sold to private industries.

Note 51 should read: EJ&E 215 sold to George R. Silcott (4/24/63), then to Morehead & North Fork, renumbered 15.

Note 75 should read: IT 1001-1012 were originally IT 700-711, then IT 1001-1012. IT 1001, 1003-1004, 1009, 1011 were traded to GM-EMD for new power. IT 1002, 1005-1008, 1010, 1012 sold jointly to George R. Silcott and Birmingham Rail & Locomotive. 1002, 1006, 1008 resold to Weirton Steel, renumbered 223, 225, 226. 1005 resold to Boyle Co., then to Universal Atlas Cement. 1007 resold to United Ry. Supply, rebuilt, then resold to Dominion Steel & Coal. 1010 resold to Washington-Western Railroad, renumbered 1010. 1012 resold to Duval Sales Corp., renumbered 1012.

Note 77 should read: IT 1051-1056 were originally IT 751-756, then IT 1051-1056. IT 1051, 1053-1056 sold to Gulf, Mobile & Ohio, renumbered 1051-1055. IT 1052 sold jointly to George R. Silcott and Birmingham Rail & Locomotive, then to Cleveland Electric Illuminating, then to C&K Coal Co., renumbered 58.

Note 137 should read: ESLJ 72 sold jointly to George R. Silcott and Whisler Equipment, then to Laureaburg & Southern, renumbered 72.

THE SWITCH LIST

All ads in this section cost 10¢ a word (minimum 25 words, no maximum wordage), including abbreviations, names, initials, numbers, cities, states, and provinces. Zip codes free. SSE means "enclose self-addressed stamped envelope." Send check or money order with each entry to Bill Balgley, advertising manager, Railroad Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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DON MILLS, Negative Exchange, Box 623, Ontario, Canada, buys, sells, trades, locomotive, car, work eqpt., negatives, photos, books. List for 20¢ (refundable). (Ed. note: This is the only address he gave us.)

WANTED, on approval, the books "The Steam Locomotive in America," by Bruce, and "The Steam Locomotive," by R.P. Johnson, second edition (1947). —Paul L. Schumann, 10204 S. Utica Ave., Evergreen Park, Ill. 60642.

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ROGER ARCARA, 1432 Leland Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10460, sells reconditioned cameras, sizes 120-620, 116-616, for large oblong negatives. Details free.

W. WEINROD, P.O. Box 2408, Santa Fe, N.M. 87501, will work deal exchanging Feb. 1942 copy of Official Guide of Railways for copy of any 1930 Official Register of Equipment.

MARTIN T. HAHN, 139 Richards Ave., Maple Shade, N.J. 08052, sells official PRR system wall maps in full color, size 20"x40", at $1.25 each. Also sells Official PRR and PRSL block sheets from old Atlantic Division towers from 1940's and 1950's. Send SSE for free list.

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RAILROADIANA, buy and sell, Dave Nestle, R.D. 2, Ray Road, Greenwich, N.Y. 12834.

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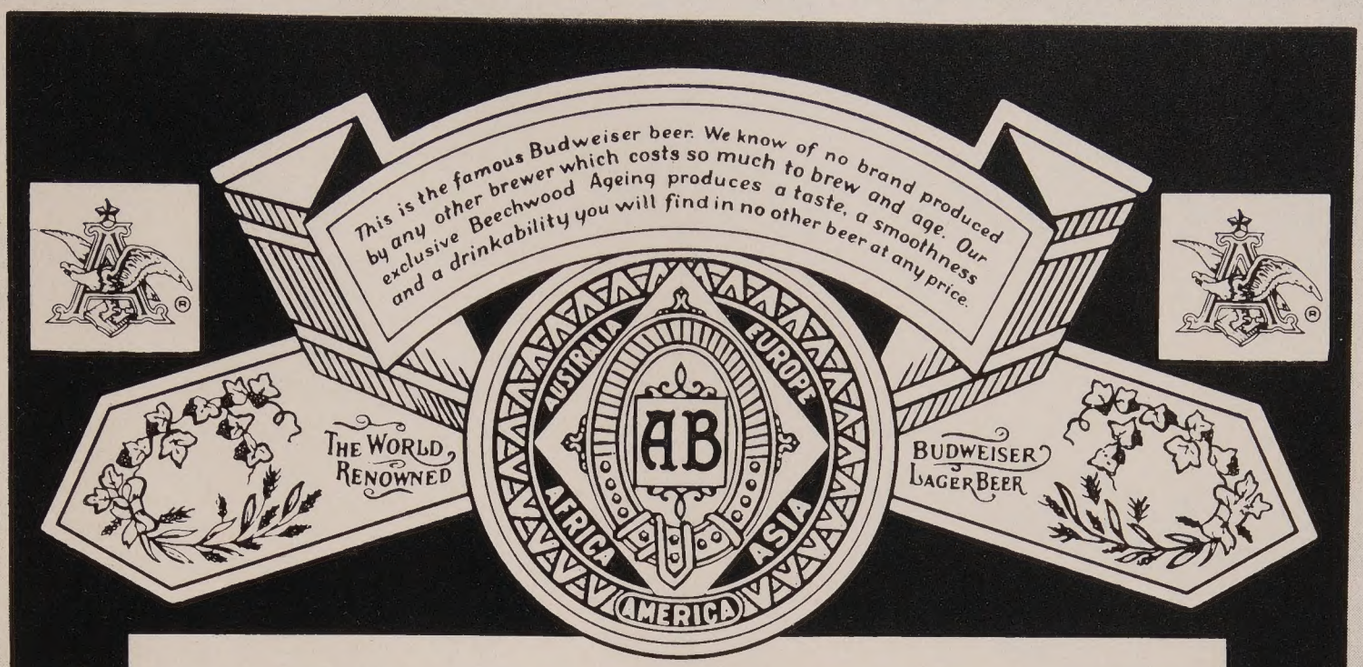
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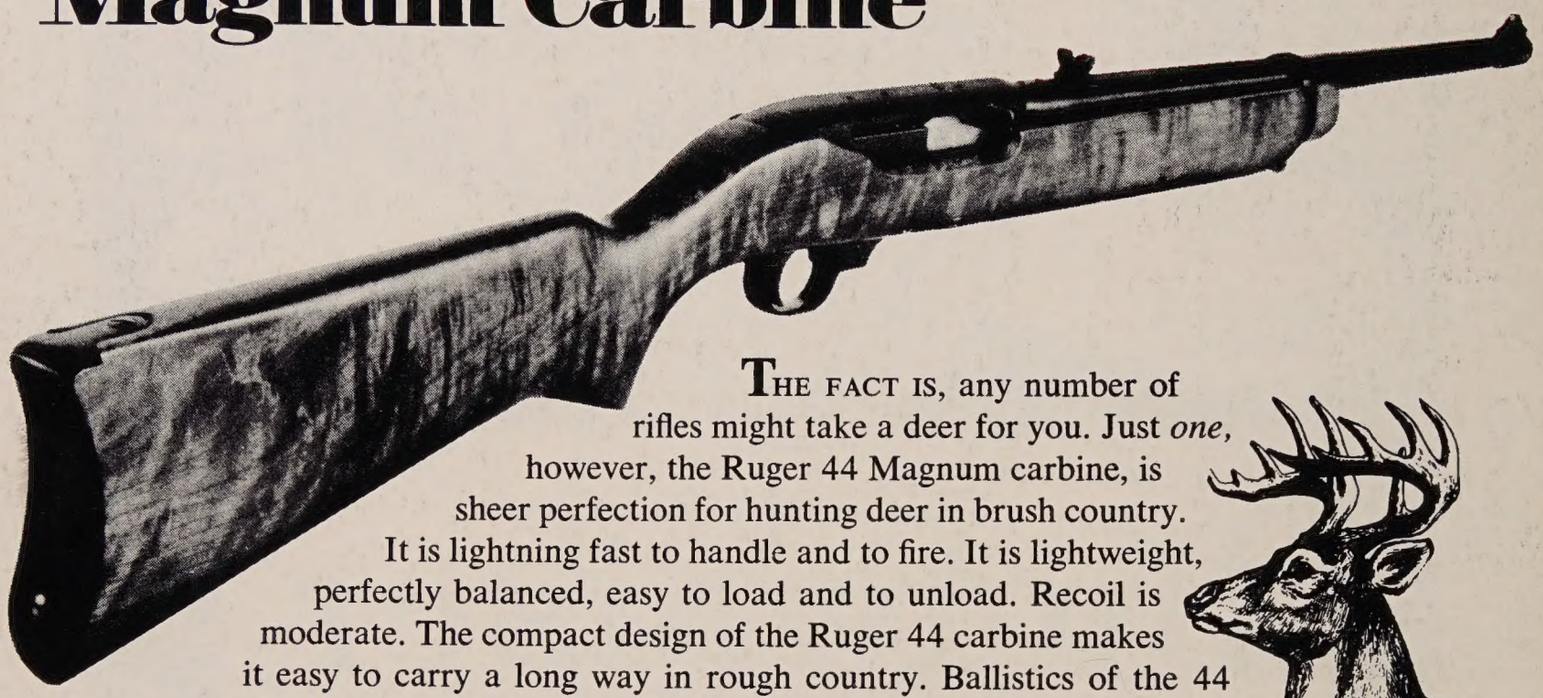

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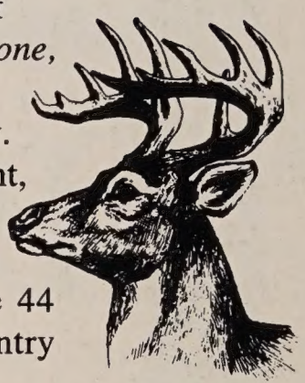

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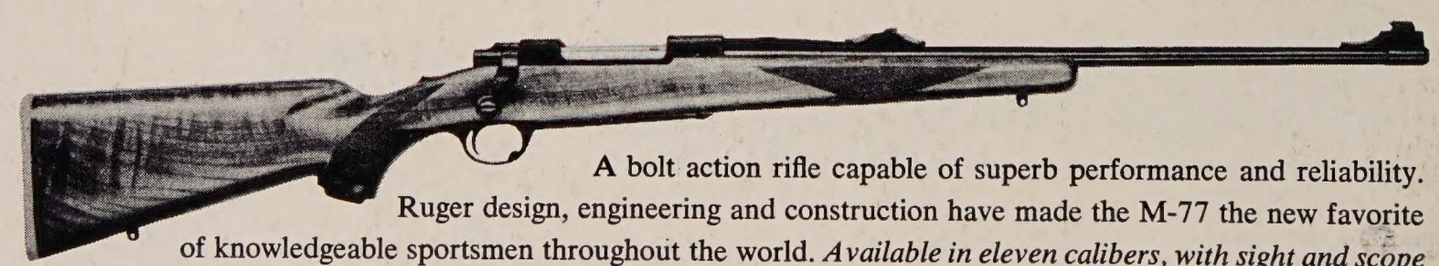

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